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GREETING AND FAREWELL.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, March 12, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 70 of Harper's Young People, *issued March 1, opens with a beautiful engraving of* Saint Timothy *as a boy, accompanied by an article from the* Rt. Rev. T. U. Dudley, *Bishop of Kentucky. It also contains "The Snow Ben," one of* W. O. Stoddard's *instructive and entertaining stories for boys; "Archie Kirk's Leap for Life," a thrilling tale of the Hebrides, illustrated; Chapter Twelve of "Toby Tyler," in which Toby meets with a great misfortune, illustrated; a short article on "Niagara Falls in Winter," with an exquisite full-page illustration by* W. Hamilton Gibson; *"The Otter," a natural history article, illustrated; "A Whole Week," a pretty story for little girls; Chapter Five of "Phil's Fairies," illustrated; a full page of illustrated "Pinafore Rhymes"; "Phantom Faces," a winter's evening amusement article by* Bellew, *illustrated; a full Post-office Box, which, among other attractions, contains an illustration that will please all boys; poems and puzzles.*

NEW STORY BY MARY CECIL HAY.

In the present number of Harper's Weekly *our readers will find the opening chapter of a new Serial Story by* Mary Cecil Hay, *entitled*

"INTO THE SHADE."

Miss Hay's *stories are always popular, and this one will be found to possess all the charm of style, delicacy of character-painting, and interest of plot which have made her name a favorite with the readers of England and America.*

F. W. ROBINSON'S NEW STORY.

Our readers' attention is invited to the powerful Serial Story,

"WOMEN ARE STRANGE,"

by the favorite novelist F. W. Robinson, *author of "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," etc., which is begun in* Harper's Bazar *for March 19, and will be continued weekly until the end.*

THE RETIRING ADMINISTRATION.

When the bitterness of personal and factional feeling subsides with time, the administration of President Hayes will be judged by its achievements, not by its inconsistencies, disappointments, and failures, and it will then appear to be one of the most upright and beneficent administrations in our history. Republican ascendency in the country had so declined that the election of 1876 was fiercely disputed. Of the total vote cast there was a large popular Democratic majority, and the electoral majority depended upon the result in a single State. The election in some of the Southern States had been so confused by fraud and violence, the political difference of the two Houses of Congress was so marked, the Constitution so plainly failed to provide a settlement of the dispute, and party spirit was at such white heat, that the situation was more alarming than it had been since the firing upon Sumter. The peril was happily averted. The issue was patriotically and legally adjusted. President Hayes was peacefully inaugurated; but new difficulties immediately confronted him. The two Senatorial chiefs of the two great wings of his party showed their hostility to the Administration from the moment of the nomination of the cabinet. Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine were unfriendly to each other, but they united in opposition to the President. Throughout the administration neither of them, we believe, has been seen at the White House. These leaders set the Republican fashion of making light of the Republican Administration, while the Democratic leader, Mr. Tilden, announced that his party would never "condone fraud," and the elder Mr. Charles Francis Adams, whose political position was in a certain way independent, stigmatized the President as branded with fraud. Thus at the beginning of his administration the President was practically bereft of strong and united support from his own party, and could expect no support from the opposition.

The President's letter of acceptance and his inaugural address laid stress upon three important questions—the Southern situation, the financial policy, and the reform of the civil service. He placed at the head of the State Department a gentleman of the highest ability and character, and a lawyer of almost supreme eminence; to the head of the Treasury he called the author of the Resumption Bill, the ablest financier of the Senate; the most distinguished foreign-born citizen in American public life since Mr. Gallatin, and an open and active civil service reformer, became Secretary of the Interior; and a Southern former Democrat and Confederate officer, who had candidly accepted the new order that followed the war, was Postmaster-General. It was a cabinet of singular ability, and it fitly represented the general spirit and purpose of the Administration. Against the continued and in part and at times malignant opposition, both of many of its own party associates and of the Democrats, the Administration has persevered. At the end of four years, it has finally restored every State to "its normal relations in the Union," and so far as any political action can accomplish such a result, it has removed every just cause of complaint in any Southern State without relinquishing any constitutional power, and it has vetoed the Democratic proposition to abandon that power. It has restored specie payment, diminished the national debt, and refunded it with great reduction of interest, and it has seen the return of unprecedented prosperity. It has demonstrated the perfect practicability of a sound and complete reform of the civil service by the method which it has consistently enforced in the greatest foreign revenue office in the country, the New York Custom-house. It has initiated an Indian policy wise, practical, and humane, and the management of Indian affairs is no longer a synonym for cruelty and corruption. Its foreign representatives have been honorable to the American name, and a system of valuable consular commercial information from every part of the world has been established. With all this, the purity of the administration, its total freedom from personal scandals of every kind, have shed a lustre upon this Presidency to which every self-respecting American will always proudly recur. Four years is a brief period; but upon every great question which it proposed to itself, and with which it has been compelled to deal, the Administration has acquitted itself, if not to the satisfaction of the highest anticipation, yet in a spirit and with a success which will justly commend it to grateful patriotic remembrance. Without warm partisan support or loud applause, it found its brightest crown in the election of 1880. The adverse popular majority of four years before was obliterated. The Administration which Republican leaders repudiated had restored the Republican party to the confidence of the country, and that President Garfield was triumphantly elected, and will be peacefully inaugurated, is mainly due to the administration of President Hayes.

In saying this we do not forget the failures and disappointments and amazing inconsistencies which may be easily enumerated, and which are still sorely remembered. Nor do we forget how powerful a factor in a general election is a condition of general prosperity and contentment. General Garfield, it is often said, was elected because the country did not wish a change. There were financial confidence, and consequent industrial and commercial activity. It was the European dearth and the American crops, it was the sun and the air, not politics, which secured the result. To this it is enough to reply that the greatest praise of an administration of government is that it co-operates with natural laws and with the actual situation. The Administration did not interfere, but it might have interfered. It did not obstruct, but it might have obstructed. Nor is its praise negative only. The sagacity and the self-reliance, founded upon knowledge, of Secretary Sherman maintained the financial policy, without which confidence, the mainspring of business activity, would have been wanting. The President and his three chiefs of administration—Mr. Evarts, Mr. Sherman, and Mr. Schurz—held the soundest financial views, and could most ably state and defend them. It was because the Administration represented the best financial convictions of the country that it was strong in national confidence. So with the Southern question: the Administration put an end to the half-and-half military occupation of some of the States, while through the election laws it retained the hold which is constitutional and necessary. It was savagely denounced for betraying the colored citizens; but although their vote is still suppressed, there have been fewer outrages, both political and private, than ever before, while the feeling in many Northern minds that military supervision half justified the sullen Bourbon hate in the Southern States has been wholly removed. As for the course of the Administration in the reform of the spoils system, we have lately expressed our opinion fully. Its failures are explicable, not by treachery or by want of conviction, but by a want of a clear comprehension of the principle itself, and of the perception of the absolute necessity of uniform action. The President does not seem to have seen that he was as responsible for his subordinates as for himself, and that if he would not make a political use of the offices, he must prohibit his subordinates from doing it, and remove them for disobedience. He has evidently thought, also, that it was possible to proportion reform to the apparent demand for it, and that for a little public opinion a little reform here and there would suffice. But no President who was not deeply convinced of the infamy of the spoils system, and who did not honestly desire to do something, would have enforced the reformed rules so faithfully and consistently in the New York Custom-house. President Hayes has never shown the slightest disposition to relax them, and the result is by far the greatest service to reform of any Administration. No one who has supported the general aim and spirit of the Administration, however pained and amazed he may have sometimes been by its conduct, has reason to regret his confidence. The administration ends with the grateful respect of the great multitude of intelligent citizens, who see in its personal character and its patriotic achievement what they would gladly see in every administration. *Finis coronat*, and the President may well feel that he has triumphantly vindicated the truth of his familiar saying, "He serves his party most who serves his country best."

PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

The inauguration of President Garfield will have taken place, and his address will have been delivered, before this paper is received by many of our readers, and speculations upon what he will probably say are superfluous. His nomination was the happy solution of a very threatening difficulty. We cordially advocated his election as that of an able and experienced statesman, a man of simple and honest life, and a progressive Republican. His letter of acceptance was somewhat vague and disappointing, but his conduct throughout the canvass, both in what he said and in what he did not say, showed a singular self-command, and complete adequacy to a trying situation. During all the rumors and surmises and assertions of the winter his attitude has been admirable. He has evidently that great gift of a public man, ability to keep his own counsel. There was never more resolute silence upon the part of a President-elect, nor ever more amusingly contradictory gossip about his purposes. Yet in his case, much more than in the case of any President for a quarter of a century, something may be logically inferred. All the Presidents since Buchanan have been comparatively new to the country, except General Grant, and at his inauguration his political course was wholly incalculable. But General Garfield has been one of the most conspicuous of public men for more than a dozen years. His political opinions and sympathies, as well as his personal qualities, have been familiar, and a man is not born again because he is elected to the Presidency. He is exposed, indeed, to a more tremendous pressure than ever before, but if he has resisted similar pressure, and has held his own way steadily before he came to the White House, he will hardly be swept away when he enters it.

The chief interest in the preliminary surmises in the State of New York has been the probable relations of the new Administration with the Conkling machine. The visit of Mr. Conkling to Mentor has been interpreted to mean President Garfield's surrender, and an agreement to put the New York patronage into Mr. Conkling's hands. But nobody has had any authority to say anything upon the subject. The suggestion of the situation in that respect, however, is plain enough. Whatever the necessity of "conciliating" Mr. Conkling may be—a policy which assumes that until he is propitiated he must be hostile to every Administration of his party which he does not control—the necessity of conciliating another class of voters is quite as evident. General Garfield's majority in New York, without which he could not have been elected, was 21,000. The few thousand votes whose change would have defeated him are, from the point of view of "conciliation," more essential than the "thick-and-thin" and "out-and-out" party vote which will always be cast for any "regular" candidate. It was this vote, not Mr. Conkling, which secured the election of Mr. Garfield. If, indeed, Mr. Conkling had refused to support the nomination! But there never has been, and there never can be, any reason suggested for his pursuing a course which would be fatal to his leadership, by putting him entirely out of gear as the head of the machine. The question of supporting a nomination is pertinent only to the few thousands of voters who in New York voted for Mr. Tilden in 1876 and for General Garfield in 1880, not to those who always support, more or less warmly, regular nominations.

General Garfield probably does not mean to begin with quarrels if he can avoid them. He has therefore sent for all kinds of Republicans, including Mr. Conkling, and he has listened to them very patiently. He is quite as clever a man as Mr. Conkling, and a very much shrewder and more skillful politician than the New York Senator, and whatever the latter gentleman may have said, he has heard no more than the former has thought it desirable for him to hear. Any observer of our politics can see very clearly that an Administration of which General Garfield is the head, and Mr. Blaine a member, is not an Administration which Mr. Conkling would wish to prolong for three terms. Whether the chiefs of such an Administration would think it wise to suppose that this is not the case remains to be seen. Mr. Conkling's motto is Strafford's "Thorough," and in that spirit alone is he to be successfully encountered. Meanwhile the voters who gave the new Administration its majority will await its action with confidence that no good thing which the retiring Administration has begun will be abandoned, and that the policy which is plainly that of President Garfield's natural predilection, namely, uncompromising adherence to sound finance, a firm and constitutional maintenance of national power in all the States, without offensive discrimination, a uniform and methodical treatment of the abuses of the civil service, a just and humane Indian policy, and a judicious tariff reform, will be the policy of the Garfield Administration. This is the just expectation of patriotic intelligence. We shall be very sorry should it be disappointed.

WEBSTER UPON JACKSON'S INAUGURATION.

The organization of civil service reform associations in Boston and Brooklyn, upon the general plan of the New York association, and composed of some of the most eminent and energetic citizens in both cities, is a very significant sign of the rapidly growing conviction of the importance of the question. Had the last Presidential election produced a change of party administration at Washington, there would have been at this moment an extraordinary and disgraceful spectacle, humiliating to every honorable American, yet strictly legitimate under the spoils system, which is seriously defended by many well-meaning but unreflective persons as essential to a popular government. What might have been expected in case of a party change of administration may be inferred from what Webster said of the beginning of the Jackson administration. Yet it must be remembered that at the inauguration of General Jackson the extent of the patronage was not more than half of what it is now. In his noted speech at Worcester, in 1832, Mr. Webster said:

> "And what did we witness, sir, when the Administration actually commenced, in the full exercise of its authority? One universal sweep, one undistinguishing blow, levelled against all who were not of the successful party. No worth, public or private, no service, civil or military, was of power to resist the relentless greediness of proscription. Soldiers of the late war, soldiers of the Revolutionary war, the very contemporaries of the liberties of the country, all lost their situations. No office was too high, and none too low, for office was the spoil—and all the spoils, it is said, belong to the victors. If a man holding an office necessary for his daily support had presented himself, covered with the scars of wounds received in every battle from Bunker Hill to Yorktown, these would not have protected him against this reckless rapacity. Nay, sir, if Warren himself had been among the living, and had possessed any office under government, high or low, he would not have been suffered to hold it a single hour unless he could show that he had strictly complied with the party statutes, and had put a well-marked party collar around his own neck.... Political proscription leads necessarily to the filling of offices with incompetent persons, and to a consequent mal-execution of official duties. In my opinion, sir, it will effectually change the character of our government, this acting upon the avowed principle of claiming office by right of conquest, unless the public shall rebuke and restrain it....If this course of things can not be checked, good men will grow tired of the exercise of political privileges. They will have nothing to do with popular elections. They will see that such elections are but a mere selfish contest for office; and they will abandon the government to the scramble of the bold, the daring, and the desperate."

These words of the dreamy and sentimental Webster are worth pondering. The danger which he foresaw is now a present peril. Under the law, every office in the civil service, except the judicial offices, is vacated during the term of every President. Directly or indirectly, through actual place-holding, or dependence upon place, or interest in it, the President commands half a million of votes. Now the popular majority of a President is usually a few thousands, and his power over renomination and re-election, if he chooses to exercise it, provided that he retains his party relations, is overwhelming. The disgust and withdrawal of intelligent men from politics, of which Mr. Webster spoke, is a familiar phenomenon. They are warned off by the great gamesters in the grab game. "To the victors belong the

spoils of the enemy," said Senator MARCY of New York, fifty years ago. "You got the place easily, and have held it a long time," said his successor, Senator CONKLING, four years ago, to an officer dismissed to make place for a henchman. If it had been WARREN himself, the same thing would be practically said. The American spoils system has its parallel in no other country in Christendom. It is a relic of feudal despotism, when the king disposed of the public service as his private property. This regal prerogative is now usurped by a few politicians in every State, with the consequences that WASHINGTON, GALLATIN, MADISON, WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, and other of our greatest statesmen foretold. The reform associations springing up in various parts of the country are signs that the people propose to reclaim their rights, and to correct a flagrant and dangerous abuse of the government.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN.

MR. WILLIAM WINTER has edited, and Messrs. J. R. OSGOOD & Co. have published, a handsome volume containing verses and tales by a brilliant young man whose name was familiar in the literary world of New York a quarter of a century ago, and who was a frequent contributor to HARPER'S MONTHLY and WEEKLY—FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN. We were about to say that he was familiar to the literary Bohemia of New York, for O'BRIEN, as we recall him, was a prominent figure of that world which was composed of a group of clever young writers living by their pens; ready for any literary service; reporters; musical, theatrical, and book critics; editorial writers; paragraphists, showering squibs in the swiftly vanishing comic papers of that time; a group, gay, volatile, children of the moment, holding in solution a great deal of literary talent which was never precipitated into enduring form.

Mr. WINTER, with affectionate loyalty, has commemorated some of them, and with the pious care of friendship has snatched from oblivion a few specimens of their work. Indeed, there has been no more diligent man of letters than Mr. WINTER during the last year. He has not only issued a new edition of his *Trip to England*—a delightful little book, delicately reflecting the poetic charm of "Our Old Home," and of his selected poems—but also a new edition of the remains of GEORGE ARNOLD, one of the group of which we speak, and a biography and remains of JOHN BROUGHAM, besides this volume of O'BRIEN'S writings, and he has, we believe, a biography of JEFFERSON, the actor, nearly ready for the press. As Mr. WINTER is a faithful journalist also, and as a work of selection and editing like this of the O'BRIEN volume requires careful and wide research, his diligence and friendly devotion may be estimated.

O'BRIEN was a young Irishman who came to New York in 1852, where he lived a literary life about town for ten years, with constantly declining fortunes, due probably to his careless and often dissipated habits. In 1861 he marched with the Seventh Regiment from New York, and afterward joined General LANDER'S staff, and early in 1862 he was mortally wounded in a skirmish, dying soon after, about thirty-two or thirty-three years old. O'BRIEN was greatly beloved by his comrades, who estimated his talent very highly. In this volume the reader will find "The Diamond Lens," one of the most noted and striking of magazine stories, well illustrating his felicitous skill, while his sparkling versatility and ease in every form of verse and prose, as exhibited in the volume, are a valuable memorial of the magazine talent of that time. It is a very pathetic volume, and in its way a homily. There is plenty of talent in it. There are fine touches of humor and seriousness and sweetness. But, as with HARTLEY COLERIDGE—a man, indeed, of a very different type—the mind turns sadly from the book to the author, from the high aspiration to the powerless will.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS.

THE President of the Chicago Historical Society, Mr. ISAAC N. ARNOLD, who was a Representative in Congress during the war, and who has long been an eminent member of the bar of Illinois, has recently read an exceedingly interesting paper before the Bar Association of that State at Springfield. It is a sketch of professional reminiscences for forty years, and contains allusions, many of them new and vivid, to the great rivals, LINCOLN and DOUGLAS.

They were both, according to Mr. ARNOLD, strong jury lawyers, and Mr. LINCOLN, upon the whole, the strongest jury lawyer ever known in Illinois. They were both very able in bringing out distinctly the controlling points in a case; both very happy in the examination of witnesses; and LINCOLN unsurpassed in cross-examination. "He could compel a witness to tell the truth when he meant to lie. He could make a jury laugh, and generally weep, at his pleasure. LINCOLN on the right side, and especially when injustice or fraud was to be exposed, was the strongest advocate. On the wrong side or on the defense, where the accused was really guilty, the client with DOUGLAS for his advocate would be more fortunate than with LINCOLN." A stranger listening a while to LINCOLN would be drawn to his side involuntarily. His statement of a case was often so clear and complete that the Court would dispense with argument, and say that if that were his case it would hear the other side. He had in the highest degree the art of persuasion and the power of conviction. He never misstated evidence, and his wit, humor, and anecdote were inexhaustible.

The most famous of popular political debates was the controversy of LINCOLN and DOUGLAS upon the stump in Illinois. It made DOUGLAS Senator, and LINCOLN President. Mr. ARNOLD quotes from a speech of LINCOLN'S in 1856, a friendly tribute to DOUGLAS, but it is even more remarkable for its simple expression of that fidelity to conscience and to humanity which is the true splendor of LINCOLN'S renown:

"Twenty years ago Judge DOUGLAS and I first became acquainted; then we were both ambitious, I, perhaps, quite as much as he. With me, the race of ambition has been a failure; with him, it has been a splendid success. His name fills the nation, and it is not unknown in foreign lands. I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. So reached that the oppressed of my species might have shared with me in the elevation, I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow."

It is pleasant to think of the two men standing side by side at LINCOLN'S inauguration confronting civil war with a common patriotism. It is still pleasanter to reflect that Mr. LINCOLN did reach the highest human eminence, and that, according to his desire, the oppressed of his species shared his exaltation.

THE PENNSYLVANIA MORAL.

THE dead-lock in the Pennsylvania Legislature which has prevented the election of a Senator of the United States was broken a week ago, and Mr. JOHN I. MITCHELL was unanimously selected by the Republicans, and elected. He is a Representative in Congress, a man of honorable service in the war, and universally respected. The significance of his election is simply that the will of Senator CAMERON is not the law of the Republican party in Pennsylvania, and the result should encourage the opposition to mere machines and bosses everywhere.

It can not be denied that this opposition makes a very much more respectable appearance in Pennsylvania, where it has held firmly together with perfect self-respect and success, than in New York, where it practically disappeared in the Senatorial caucus, without even a gasp, save in the attitude of the friends of Mr. WHEELER and of Mr. ROGERS. The quiet and steady and united support of Mr. GROW and of Mr. BAYNE, and the final election of Mr. MITCHELL, are rather more impressive than a vote for the machine candidate coupled with a sneer at the Senatorial boss.

The event has a larger significance, which is that there is an independence within party lines that can not be safely disregarded. This fact will tend to show President GARFIELD that an administration is more truly prosperous in the degree that it is approved by the popular and patriotic intelligence of the country beyond the ring of bosses and machines.

JAMES'S "WASHINGTON SQUARE."

THE London *Spectator*, in an admirable criticism of Mr. HENRY JAMES'S *Washington Square*, alludes to the fact, which is often so resentfully remarked, that his tales seem to halt and stagger toward the end, and that the catastrophe never comes off. The reviewer explains this by saying that Mr. JAMES finds that life very seldom makes a whole, which is true; but it is no less true that literary art requires in the representation of life the kind of wholeness that is found in a drama of SHAKESPEARE'S or a story of SCOTT'S. Of *Washington Square* the *Spectator* says:

"The story is marvellously clever. To our minds nothing more unique in the presenting of human nature than Dr. Sloper's cold-hearted experiments on his daughter's nature, and utter failure to do anything except rob her of her admiration for him, has ever been given us; nor is Mrs. Penniman's silly love of intrigue, and her brother's scornful treatment of it, less admirably drawn.... It is impossible to give effectual illustrations from *Washington Square* of the sort of genius shown in it. There is no doubt that it is genius, and genius of the most marked order: genius for painting character, and genius for conceiving unalloyed dismalness of effect, without tragedy and without comedy. If you desire a consummately clever study of perfect dreariness, you have it in *Washington Square*."

MR. HOWELLS AND MR. ALDRICH.

IT is announced that Mr. HOWELLS retires from the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and that Mr. ALDRICH will be his successor. For the public, fortunately, this means no loss of any kind. Mr. ALDRICH will certainly preserve the excellent traditions of the magazine to which his own delightful work has been so effectively contributed, and Mr. HOWELLS will be able to devote himself wholly to the career in which his name is already among the most distinguished of our younger authors. There are intimations of diplomatic appointments which would place Mr. HOWELLS in a position honorable to the country and gratifying to his countrymen. But such rumors are the brilliant vapors that hang around the rising of a new administration. They often announce what is seen to be fitting rather than what is determined. The comfortable reflection in Mr. HOWELLS'S case is that whether he stays honorably at home or goes honorably abroad, we shall all be the gainers.

PERSONAL.

PERSONS intending to endow hospitals and colleges must be on the alert, for at the rate at which Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY has been going on for the last year or two, there will soon be little left to do. Last week Mr. SENEY placed at the disposal of the Methodist Episcopal Church $200,000 in cash, and sixteen lots, valued at $40,000, for a site for a hospital. The money is for the erection of a hospital to be called the Methodist General Hospital, but to be open to Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Roman Catholic, heathen and infidel, on the same terms. The building is to be erected in Brooklyn. "I have given this money," said Mr. SENEY, "because I wanted to do good, and because I believed that the time had come for our Church, in addition to building churches and endowing educational institutions, to do its share in hospital work."

—Mr. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT has given $14,000 for a building at St. Johnland, Long Island, for the Episcopal Charity Home, founded by the late Dr. MUHLENBERG. It will be seventy feet square and three stories high.

—The oldest railroad engineer in the United States is GEORGE LAY, of Howard, Indiana. He is seventy-six years old, and ran the first locomotive on the Baltimore and Ohio road in 1832. The Brotherhood of Engineers recognize him as their professional dad.

—Professor MOSES COIT TYLER, of the University of Michigan, is about to enter the ministry of the Episcopal Church. Mr. TYLER is forty-six years old, a graduate of Yale and Andover, and was for two years pastor of a Congregational church at Poughkeepsie, New York.

—There has been fitted up recently in the basement of the House of Commons a room where members can dine with their wives, and it is deemed great fun to go down and do that. EDMUND YATES has just gone through it, and attests to the ameliorating influences of the manœuvre. The champagne is usually in magnums. Honorable members then accompany their wives to the Ladies' Gallery, and leave them to listen to the debates, or indulge in the wee-est of naps.

—A new and characteristic anecdote of CARLYLE: After having passed sleepless nights owing to the horrible noise made by a Cochin China cock in a neighboring garden, CARLYLE interviewed the proprietor of the fowl, and expostulated. The owner, a woman, did not think Mr. CARLYLE had much cause for complaint; the cock only crew three or four times in the night. "Eh, but, woman," said the unfortunate philosopher, "if you only knew what I suffered *waiting for him to crow!*" This reminds the writer of something apropos of the bird. Dining one day with that wittiest of American women, PHŒBE CARY, she said: "I've a new conundrum. Why was Robinson Crusoe's man Friday like a rooster?" "Give it up, Miss PHŒBE." "Because he scratched for himself and Crew-so! *That's mine*," said the dear little woman.

—One of the leading counsel in England asked DAVITT, after his condemnation, why he, who had lived so long out of Ireland, should be so eager to redress her grievances. He replied: "When I was three years old I saw the roof taken off my mother's house; we were then placed in an open cart, and taken through the snow to a port, where we took ship for America. I have never forgotten this, and I have vowed to devote my life to putting an end to a system which subjects others to a like fate." Curiously enough, one of the first speeches that he delivered on behalf of the Land League was from a platform which was erected on the exact spot where his mother's house used to stand.

—Dr. TANNER has found an unsuccessful imitator in a baker of Königsberg, Germany, who undertook to fast forty days, with, however, an allowance of a bottle of beer every fourth or fifth day. At the end of the twenty-fourth day he was so weak that the police interfered, removed him to the hospital, and compelled him to take nourishment.

—General BUTLER has sailed for the West Indies in his private yacht.

—The second son of Prince LEOPOLD of Hohenzollern, a boy of sixteen, and the heir-apparent to the Roumanian throne, has been performing a curious little farce. He walked into the town of Stürzelberg the other afternoon barefoot, his hair cut short, and otherwise in a most dilapidated condition, and related that he had been kidnapped at six in the morning, taken away in a carriage, and had at last contrived to escape. There was an extraordinary sensation all through Germany till this ingenious youth confessed that he had invented the whole story, cut off his own hair, and robbed himself of his clothes.

—Mrs. LILY LANGTRY, with face in repose, is rather a fine-looking woman, with heavy features and a large mouth, but not remarkable at all. But when she begins to talk and becomes animated, then the features of this Galatea grow radiant, her eyes flash, the heavy look disappears, half a dozen bewitching dimples come and go, and the large mouth smiles in exquisite curves. Mr. LANGTRY is an Irishman, whose father and grandfather sent ships between Liverpool and Belfast since a hundred years ago. Mr. LANGTRY inherited their fortune, and was brought up to no profession.

—In devising to France the works of art belonging to her husband, Madame THIERS stipulated that they must have a room to themselves in the Louvre, which should be an exact copy, with its furniture and pictures, of her late husband's study. As the collection is by no means a rare one, and as it is thought to be a bad precedent, that could lead to bequests by admiring friends of a succession of interiors, the gift is something of a white elephant. It is hoped that it may finally be left where it is, with the inscription *Musée Thiers* on the gateway.

—When Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE was urging Jewish emancipation, one of the English ministry alluded in Parliament to the Jews as the murderers of Christ. Sir MOSES on the next morning waited on the minister with papers showing that his ancestors had been for two hundred years in Spain at the time of the crucifixion, and therefore all Jews were not responsible for the transaction, which is said greatly to have impressed the English respect for old families, and to have aided his cause.

—At Crichel, in England, the country-seat of Lord and Lady ALINGTON, who are warm personal friends of the Queen, a part of the estate is known as the White Farm, all the animals seen there being snow-white. There are hundreds of white pigeons, white squirrels and rabbits, white geese and turkeys, white goats, white cats, white cockatoos, white peacocks, a white doe given by the Queen, and white rats and mice given by the Prince of Wales.

—There is said to be a silvery brightness in the wavy hair of the Comte HENRI ROCHEFORT DE LUCAY, and a jaundiced bitterness in his eye.

—LOUIS PHILIPPE once gave ROSSINI a costly watch, which the musician would not wear because he could not read an Arabic inscription on it, and feared it might be an evil incantation.

—Among those whose society he especially likes, Lord BEACONSFIELD makes himself one of the most delightful dinner companions in England. He especially prefers little dinners of seven or eight people, where he gives himself up to clever epigrams on cabinets and individuals. He likes literary conversation, but hates professional *littérateurs*, and has said more bitter things about them than about any other class of persons, unless, indeed, it be those whom he calls his "professional parasites." He treats them with scarcely veiled contempt. "Place me," he said, not long ago, to a distinguished and a charming lady, "next to any one you like, but not a political enthusiast or a professional parasite. That is the sort of person I only see at lunch."

—CHARLES KINGSLEY'S *Letters and Memories* have had a circulation larger than any biography ever published in England, excepting Dr. ARNOLD'S. Twenty-four editions have been called for.

—The late Judge FORBES, of Northampton, Massachusetts, had a curious rave about watches and time-pieces, his pockets and rooms being filled with them. To his brother he gives "a gold Jurgensen" and a chain of rare value; to his sister BETSEY, "a duplex repeater, by COOPER," with two elaborate chains; to Judge SPAULDING, "a gold Waltham stem-winder" and his heaviest neck chain; to Deacon HUBBARD, "a gold chronometer, by HUTTON," and a fine gold chain. He was very exacting about his time-pieces, and bought two within the year, for one of which he paid $500. His fine chronometer clock cost $400, and had a pendulum weighing twenty pounds, while the running weights weighed but a few ounces.

—Canon FARRAR brought his recent series of sermons on the Established Church to a close in Westminster Abbey by denouncing the folly which drove the Nonconformists from the Church of England. The true Christian policy would have been not to goad them into Nonconformity, but win them to union, just as it would be true and Christian policy to grant some toleration to ritualism now. "The Church was once convulsed because Puritans were not allowed to declare a surplice. Have we learned so little that it is now to be convulsed because ritualists are not allowed to light a candle or wear a chasuble? Perhaps you will say, 'But these are such trifles.' Well, they too may live to see that they are only trifles; but meanwhile we have to deal with each other in the flood-tide of ecclesiastical passions, and the heyday of religious pride; and, alas! it is not one ecclesiastic in a thousand, whether Churchman or Nonconformist, who acts in the spirit of BAXTER'S famous saying, 'I would as soon be a martyr for charity as for faith.'"

—In Congressman COX'S able and exhaustive speech on "Apportionment under the Census of 1880," he mentions that the maiden speech of JOHN C. CALHOUN was made in 1811 on the fourth apportionment. Mr. CALHOUN was jealous of the Senate passing on the representation in the House, believing that that body would, by the strength of precedent, ultimately control the House.

—Mr. JOHN BRIGHT, at home, lives with his now motherless family in quiet unostentation, as becomes a Quaker. His library is a notable feature in his modest home close by the mill, 1200 volumes of which were bought for him at a cost of £5048 by his admirers after the Corn-law League had fulfilled its mission. He regularly attends the Friends' meeting-house, and in a quiet, unobtrusive sort of way is very charitable. It was at one time said that his hard and rigid notions of political economy caused him to be on bad terms with his work-people, but the lie was given to this in 1867, presented in an address of affection to him. At that time he was able to say to them, "From 1809 to 1867 is at least fifty-seven years" (the time the firm had had the mill), "and I venture to affirm that, with one single exception, and that not of long duration, there has been during that period uninterrupted harmony and confidence between my family and those who have assisted us and been employed in it." How few employers in this age of strikes can say as much? In this quiet and modest way the grand old statesman lives, the delight of his family, and the darling of the nation.

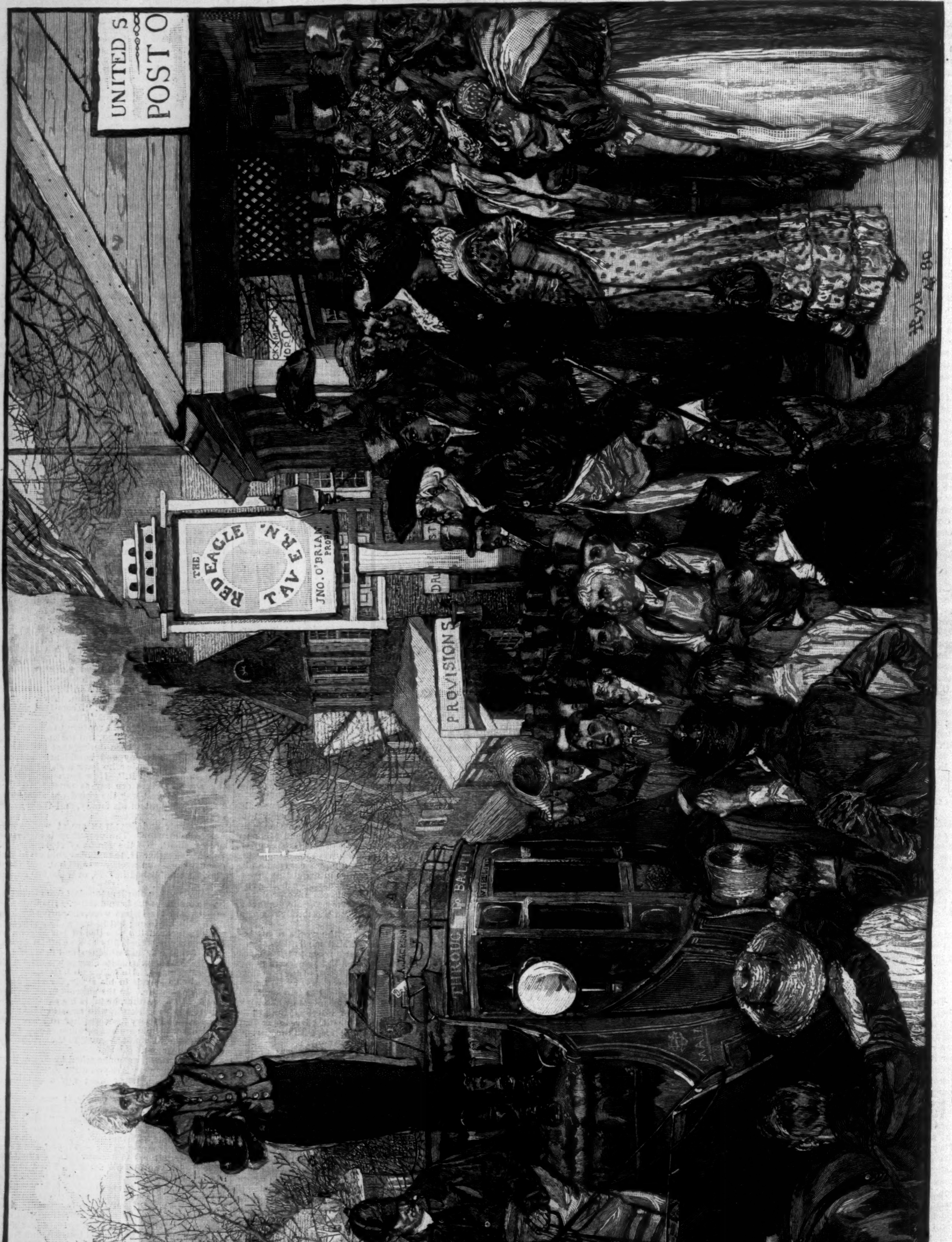
—GILBERT and SULLIVAN are at work on a new comic opera. The pecuniary incentive is not repellent. Of the *Pirates of Penzance*, published November 11, the number sold up to December 31—seven weeks—was 32,000. Of *Pinafore*, first published in 1878, over 200,000 copies have been sold.

—Mr. GEORGE, the Senator-elect from Georgia, has throughout life been a toiler. His widowed mother and his sisters were supported by him during his boyhood; but he was a close student, and commenced the practice of law as soon as he came of age. He is fifty-two, an athletic man, with blonde hair and whiskers, and firm jaws.

—Mr. EMERSON'S habits change but little with increasing years. He writes no letters. Every morning he spends in his study, for reading is his chief pleasure. In the afternoon, no matter how cold the weather, he takes his constitutional. It was Mr. Pickstiff who remarked that "it is a comfort in very keen weather to know that some other people are not as warm as you are." Mr. EMERSON has not assented to the orthodoxy of that sentiment.

—Mr. CARLYLE was once asked by an Englishman, point-blank, "Are you a Pantheist?" He answered, "No, never was; nor a *Pot*-theist either."

—Speaking of circus people, it was remarked by Mr. Sleary, the manager (in *Hard Times*), to the fascinating Mr. Gradgrind: "I tell you what, thquire. They're a very good-natured people, my people, but they're accuthtomed to be quick in their movementh; and if you don't act upon my advithe, I'm damned if I don't believe they'll pith you out o' winder." The "horse-riding" is better paid now than it was in Sleary's time. Said a manager, the other day, in Boston: "We advertise that we pay Madame DOCKRILL $1000 a week. I'll tell you why. In addition to $450 salary, we pay all her travelling and hotel expenses, and place at her disposal a carriage, in which she rides from hotel to train, and from circus to hotel. Besides this, we pay all the expense of keeping and transporting her six horses, and we employ a man to look after them. So that she really does cost us $100 every day of her life; and $1000 a week is not much of an exaggeration, after all. CHANG gets $200 a week, and Tom Thumb $325. Madame CORDOVA, the rider, receives $300 for her services. The largest number of the performers seem to run, in point of salary, from $45 to $75 per week apiece. The laborers with the show get from $25 to $50 a month and their board, and the bosses of the various departments each receives something like $200 a month."



POLITICS IN THE OLDEN TIME—GENERAL JACKSON, PRESIDENT-ELECT, ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Page 167.]

HONEST, ABLE, CLEAN ADMINISTRATION.
JUSTICE TO ALL SECTIONS
ENCOURAGEMENT OF EDUCATION
RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS
REVIVAL OF INDUSTRY.
PROMOTION OF CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.
SETTLEMENT OF CHINESE QUE
VETO OF BILLS TO NULLIFY ELECTION

1877—1881.

BY THE GRAVE OF CARLYLE.

ECCLEFECHAN, *February* 10, 1881.

ON Saturday last a child came to me and said, "He is dead." I did not ask, Who? For nearly two weeks all eyes in Europe and America which know the value of a great man in this world had been centred on that home in Chelsea where Carlyle lay dying. He had long been sighing for death, for, he said, "Life is a burden when the strength has gone out of it." For a long time he had been unable to receive his friends in the evening: those true Noctes Ambrosianæ were forever past. Brief interviews with intimate friends in the early afternoon, followed by a drive with one or another of them, continued for about a year more. But these drives were not cheerful. The old man's voice was sometimes scarcely audible. "The daughters of song are low." I found it painful to have to bend so close to catch the words, which when caught showed the intellect still abiding in its strength. It was long ere it must also be said, "Those that look out of the windows be darkened." But slowly that time came too. The old man sank into a state of painless prostration. The effort to attend to what was said to him was a disturbance, and all was silent around him. He was conscious nearly unto the last, and thoughtfully intimated to his nephew and niece, who had so long watched beside him, that he was in no pain. His last word was a gentle "Good-by." At half past eight, February 5, the end came without struggle. The golden lamp was not shattered; it went out. And how dark seemed London that day!

On Monday morning I started northward through a snow-storm, and in the evening was driving through the narrow streets of Annan. Along these same streets he and Irving used to walk in their school-days. Next morning I called on his sister, Mrs. Austin, who much resembles him. She spoke sweetly of her great brother in his early youth, how loving he was as a son, how affectionate to them all, even in those days when his mind was harassed with doubts and misgivings about the path on which he should enter. Sleep might fail him and appetite, but love for those who needed his love never failed him. She is one of two sisters surviving. The one remaining brother, James, resides in a pleasant home in the neighborhood, and is about seventy-five years of age. The other surviving sister is Mrs. Aitken, of Dumfries.

On the day before the funeral I went out to Craigenputtock, the name of the solitude in whose one house Carlyle and his wife began life together. The nearest railway station is about ten miles distant from the place, and, as I was warned, affords no means of conveyance, so I started in a carriage to drive over the fifteen miles of country road. It is a pilgrimage not without way-side shrines. Dumfries, to begin with, is the town of Robert Burns, who died July 21, 1796, when Carlyle was in his eighth month. Here, in the church-yard, is the beautiful monument of Burns: the Muse touches him on the shoulder as he holds the plough. On the outward road we pause at Iron Gray church to see the tomb which Sir Walter Scott erected over Helen Walker, whom he had made the friend and exemplar of many children under the name of Jeannie Deans, the girl who would not swerve from verbal truth to save her sister's life, but did journey to London on foot to save her. The epitaph bids the wayfarer "Respect the grave of poverty when combined with love of truth and dear affection." Not much farther on is the solitary monument of the old decipherer of mossy epitaphs, "Old Mortality." Now and then a stately old mansion is passed, and some cultured vales, but at length the road enters upon a wild, bleak country. The snow covers the desolate moors; the road is stony; but it is all picturesque as I remember how along every mile of it Emerson drove in a gig to clasp heart and hand of his young intellectual brother forty-eight years before. "I found the house amid desolate heathery hills, where the lonely scholar nourished his mighty heart." And now, too, I found it, the home of a kindly shepherd and his family. Arthur Johnstone-Douglas, of Glen Stuart, is with me, and we are given by the humble people welcome and refreshment. We sit in the room where *Sartor Resartus* was written. Here gathered around the young thinker the faces of the great with whom he spiritually conversed, "never less alone than when alone."

The house itself is much the same in appearance as it was when Goethe had a sketch of it made for his translation of Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*. A large kitchen was added at a later period, and several out-houses. There are about a thousand acres of the estate, though much of it is uncultivated. While Carlyle resided there he was only able to cultivate some two hundred acres, most of the produce of which went in the shape of rental to the widow Welsh, Mrs. Carlyle's mother. Only at her death did it come into the possession of Carlyle's wife. Up to the present time it had belonged to the author, and has been under the care of his brother James, and his son of the same name. It would now revert to the Welsh family, were any representative of it living; as it is, Craigenputtock will become the possession of Edinburgh University. The house is neat and comfortable. The room which was used for a library is commodious, though the outlooks are sombre enough. However, there are fine old ash-trees around, and near by there was in those days a noble grove to make up for the treeless barrenness of the surrounding landscape.

But no place could be joyless where Jane Welsh Carlyle was. I have just seen a portrait of her, taken when she was young. No one who saw her only in the days of her invalidism can imagine how bright and beautiful she then was. The face is full of mirth and graciousness, refined and spirituelle. One can imagine that graceful form moving daintily amid the wood and heather, and the merry laugh that made the solitude gay.

The solitude was not unvisited by a certain class of guests. "Poor Irish folk come wandering over these moors," he said to Emerson. "My dame makes it a rule to give every son of Adam bread to eat, and supplies his wants to the next house. But here are thousands of acres which might give them all meat, and nobody to bid these poor Irish go to the moor and till it. They burned the stacks, and so found a way to force rich people to attend to them." When Carlyle died, the Irish were again burning stacks, and the rich attending to them.

For the rest, there was "not a person to speak to within sixteen miles, except the minister of Dunscore." Yet Carlyle's heart was still clinging to his kindred in the far-away people among whom he was born. In 1832 he heard that the cholera was devastating Dumfries. He wrote the following letter, hitherto unpublished, to his mother's brother, addressed to "Mr. John Aitken, mason, Friars' Vennel, Dumfries":

"CRAIGENPUTTOCK, *October* 16, 1832.

"MY DEAR UNCLE,—Judge if I am anxious to hear from you. Except the silence of the newspapers, I have no evidence that you are still spared. The disease, I see, has been in your street; in Shaw's; in Jamie Aitken's; it has killed your friend Thomson: who knows what further was its appointed work? You I strive to figure in the mean while as looking at it, in the universal terror, with some calmness, as knowing and practically believing that your days and the days of those dear to you were now, as before and always, in the hand of God only, *from* whom it is vain to fly, *toward* whom lies the only refuge of man. Death's thousand doors have ever stood open; this, indeed, is a wide one, yet it leads no farther than they all lead.

"Our boy was in the town a fortnight ago (for I believe, by experience, the infectious influence to be trifling, and quite inscrutable to man, therefore go and send whithersoever I have *business*, in spite of cholera), but I had forgot that he would not naturally see Shaw or some of you, and gave him no letter, so got no tidings. He will call on you to-morrow, and in any case bring a verbal message. If you are too hurried to *write* in time for him, send a letter next day 'to the care of Mrs. Welsh, Templand, Thornhill'; tell me only that you are all spared alive.

"We are for Annandale after Thornhill, and may possibly enough return by Dumfries. I do not participate in the panic. We were close beside cholera for many weeks in London. 'Every ball has its billet.'

"I hear the disease is fast abating. It is likely enough to come and go among us, to take up its dwelling with us among our other maladies. The sooner we grow to compose ourselves beside it, the wiser for us. Man who has reconciled himself *to die* need not go distracted at the *manner* of his death.

"God make us all ready, and be His time ours! No more to-night. Ever your affectionate

"T. CARLYLE."

On leaving Craigenputtock we passed a craggy brow, high on the left, overlooking Dunscore, which was easily identified as the point where Carlyle and Emerson sat together. "There we sat down," wrote Emerson, "and talked of the immortality of the soul." There Carlyle said: "Christ died on the tree: that built Dunscore kirk yonder; that brought you and me together. Time has only a relative existence." Dunscore village is seven miles from Craigenputtock. The shepherd told us that the minister there was very aged, and had been there a long time; probably would have known Carlyle. So we drove over to Dunscore, and visited the Manse, as the parsonage is termed in Scotland. The aged minister said he had come there after Mr. Carlyle had gone to London; he had never seen him. "But he was one of my *heritors*" (*i. e.*, pecuniary helpers), "and my acquaintance with him was limited to correspondence concerning the educational needs of this district, in which I am bound to say he liberally assisted."

The funeral of Carlyle, it may be assumed in accordance with his expressed wishes, was singularly private. Neither the day nor the place of it was known to the public. It was generally supposed that he would be buried beside his wife amid the mouldering walls of Haddington Cathedral. How strong were the ties that bound his heart to that spot is shown in the tribute on her grave. But with so much else which Carlyle had derived from his early Hebrew training, he had a desire, like that of the patriarchs, to be "gathered to his people." But for his love of his people, lowly as they were, probably the grave of Carlyle would have been in America. "I have," he said to Edward Irving, when they were young men together—"I have the ends of my thoughts to bring together, which no one can do in this thoughtless scene. I have my views of life to re-form, and the whole plan of my conduct to remodel; and withal I have my health to recover. And then once more I shall venture my bark upon the waters of this wide realm, and if she can not weather it, I shall steer west and try the waters of another world." This alternative must have recurred to him when America alone was listening to his voice; when his spiritual biography, in *Sartor Resartus*, unpublished in England, was already speaking to American youth, as Emerson said, with an emphasis that deprived them of sleep. But Carlyle loved his widowed mother and his people, and could not leave them. And his last wish was to rest among them. As Israel died in an Egyptian palace, and would have been laid by Pharaoh in the proudest pyramid, but charged his sons, "Ye shall bury me with my people," so could not Carlyle rest in Westminster Abbey, which was offered, nor in Haddington Cathedral, where his wife's wealthier kindred lay. Ecclefechan, long raised from obscurity by being his birth-place, is now consecrated by holding his dust.

Had Carlyle's aversion to all pomp and ostentation not caused such strict privacy to be observed, the funeral would have been one of vast dimensions. The Scotch gentry would have stood beside the grave of one of whom they were proud; but as it was, a red-coated fox-hunt was going on in the neighborhood. A new minister, too, was installed that day in the neighboring kirk of Cummertrees. As I drove to the funeral I met the more well to do folk of Ecclefechan driving thither. Those left in the village seemed to be mainly peasants and their children. These were made aware of the hour when the burial was to take place by the tolling of the bell in the School Board building. Hundreds of children gathered near the gate of the church-yard, or climbed on the walls. About a hundred young workmen made their way inside, and stood awaiting the arrival of the body after the night journey from London. Soon after noon the hearse drove up; with it five coaches, containing the relatives. The coffin was of plain oak. On it was engraved, "Thomas Carlyle: born December 4, 1795; died February 5, 1881." White flowers were upon it, among them a large wreath. Along with the male relations stood a very few personal friends of Carlyle, formost among them Anthony Froude, Professor Tyndall, and Mr. Lecky. With exception of these, and a few journalists, they who gathered around Carlyle's grave were of the peasantry.

What did these lowly ones think as they saw their great villager laid to rest? It was amid profound stillness: there was no ceremony; no word broke that silence amid which the prophet of Silence was laid to rest. But those young workmen may have heard still small voices. One of these might have come from the family tomb, which bears this inscription:

"Erected to the memory of Jannet Carlyle, spouse to James Carlyle, mason in Ecclefechan, who died the 11th September, 1792, in the twenty-fifth year of her age. Also Jannet Carlyle, daughter to James Carlyle and Margaret Aitken: she died at Ecclefechan, January 27, 1801, aged seventeen months. Also Margaret their daughter: she died June 22, 1830, aged twenty-seven. And the above James Carlyle, born at Brownknowe in August, 1758, died at Scotsbrig on the 23d January, 1832, and now also rests here. And here also now rests the above Margaret Aitken, his second wife: born at Whitestanes, Kirkmahoe, in September, 1771; died at Scotsbrig on Christmas-day, 1853. She brought him nine children, whereof four sons and three daughters survived, gratefully reverent of such a father and such a mother."

The last sentence was added by Thomas Carlyle. It is almost the only touch of feeling discoverable in the crowded church-yard. Some of the old slabs are carved with skull and crossbones, but their inscriptions are merely names and dates. The peasant of Ecclefechan, reading this tribute, seeing the great man laid beside his lowly parents, bringing there whatever lustre surrounded his name, might reflect that a man may depart from the creed and the ways of his people, might become famous enough to refuse decorations proffered by royalty, yet preserve the simplicity and the affections of his early life. They might also, in that silence, reflect that here was one of themselves—nay, as the tolling School Board bell might remind them, with less advantages than theirs—who climbed upward, and gained the love and honor of the world.

It is said that the name of this village means the Ecclesia of St. Fechan, and that the ancient church stood near the spot where Hoddam kirk now stands. Beside this church stood the school to which Carlyle was sent as a child. There taught the poor "down-bent, broken-hearted, under-foot martyr," the teacher who "did little for me except discover that he could do little." At any rate, the poor man pronounced Thomas a genius, fit for a learned profession. In looking after the site of the old school-house I found at Hoddam an old man who had been a pupil there with Thomas. He was aged and shivering as he moved slowly amid the snow. He said, "Tom always sent me something every year—until this last winter; then it stopped."

Then it stopped! And how much has stopped besides this poor brother's little winter solace! What charities to hearts and minds in their sore need, what brave words of cheer for those moving about in worlds not realized! Graduation from "Carlyle Close," now a shamble, to the highest intellectual distinction of the nineteenth century, implies the realization of several worlds dim to others. Out of a depth like this his voice will always go forth, and to it the deeps will always answer. The influence of Carlyle will never "stop": wherever shams are falling, his sturdy blows will still be heard; generations of the free will recognize that they are offspring of the fire in his heart, burning all fetters; and when the morning stars sing together of dawning days, when true heroes replace nobles without nobility and bauble-crowned kings, his voice, which so long was a burden of pain, will be heard again rising into song.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

INTO THE SHADE.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

AUTHOR OF "OLD MYDDELTON'S MONEY," "VICTOR AND VANQUISHED," "THE SQUIRE'S LEGACY," ETC.

I.

WE were crowding over the fire in the study, as school-girls will if they have the opportunity, when Miss Irving brought in the new girl, and introduced her to us.

"Leoline Dorvini." A queer name we all thought it, and we gazed at the girl who bore it; but I fancy my curiosity was the greatest of all, because she was to share my bedroom. A small, slender girl, with a dark skin, delicately soft and smooth, and an indescribable beauty in her long dark eyes.

We did the honors of the school-room as patronizingly as school-girls delight to do under the circumstances; and Leoline received our patronage with a comical graciousness, just as if she had made up her mind to humor us for that one night. This manner amused me greatly in the child, but something else, beyond and above it, drew my heart to her even on that first evening.

She was sitting up in her little white bed when I entered our bedroom, and the big dark eyes looked bigger than ever, and the small face more foreign.

"I'm glad you're come at last," she said, with a quiet gladness in her tone, but with no school-girl demonstrativeness. "I've been waiting for you, Eve—I won't call you Miss Merrion ever. I want to hear you talk as if you were at home, not at school, please."

"But it isn't allowed," I rejoined, in my quiet, practical way. "You had better lie down, Leoline."

"Oh, but I can not, and shall not try. Why should I, when I can not sleep? I don't like school," she whispered, in a slow, almost angry voice, "because there's the sea outside the school-room windows."

"Yes," I said, unplaiting my hair deliberately. "I love the sea."

"Oh, I thought you would be more like me than that," said the child, in a vexed tone. "I hate the sea."

"Why?" I asked, astonished.

"I can't tell you now, but I will some day—if I like you," she answered, thoughtfully. "Eve, have you got a beautiful, beautiful home, where there's no sea? And have you got a brother, oh, so brave and so kind and so strong? and a lovely mother, with a gentle voice and the dearest smile in the world? and a handsome father, who always gives you what you want? Have you got these, Eve?"

The excited repetition of the question surprised me, pained me a little too, because she seemed to wait so eagerly for my answer.

"No, I have no beautiful home, Leoline, and no father and no brother; but I have a mother, and whether she's lovely or not, and whether she has the dearest smile in the world or not, I love her better than any one else; and my home is the dearest place to me, though it is very small."

Before the words were all uttered, the active little figure had sprung out of bed. Leoline had thrown her arms around me, while her lips were pressed long and closely to mine. In another minute she was sitting demurely in bed again, continuing her conversation with gravity.

"Why did you do so much for those very small girls to-night, Eve? Why didn't Miss Irving give it to somebody else to do?"

"Because," I answered, with no sadness in my voice now, "I am learning to teach, and Miss Irving kindly gives me every opportunity of learning. When—when my mother dies, I am going to be a governess; so I am trying to prepare myself for it now."

"Oh, how bad! Won't she leave you a lot of money?"

"She will have none to leave. What we have goes away at her death; but—but I pray that that will not be for many years."

"I pray so too," said the child, earnestly. "I wish you could be governess to me. I would give you everything you liked, because my father is very rich, and the gentleman I am going to marry is very rich too."

How could I help laughing when I looked at the little mite after this grave avowal?

"Who is he, Leoline?"

"My father's and mother's son," the child answered, seriously; "because, you see, this is how it is: I am only their daughter by being adopted, for in reality I've no father and mother at all;" and Leoline emphasized the last two words as strongly as if the generality of girls were expected to have several fathers and mothers. "My own real father died, oh, years and years ago, in Italy."

"If it is such years and years ago, you must be too old to remember him," I said, beginning to fear our long transgression of all the orthodox laws would be soon stopped, and trying to enjoy it while it lasted.

"I'm a good deal older than you think," the child replied, sedately; "but I do almost remember him. Did you ever hear of people *almost* remembering?"

"Never."

"Nor did I—except myself," she went on, her grave, business-like tones trembling a little. "It is all very dim, Eve, and I don't ever know what I quite remember, and what I almost remember, and what I fancy. That's—that's why I don't like the sea. But don't let us talk of that to-night: how old are you, Eve?"

"Sixteen," I answered, as I put out the gas. "Now we mustn't talk another word."

"I wish I knew how old I was," sighed Leoline, still regardless of the rules.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?"

"No; only I'm older than Hector, I know," she answered, as if she had thought much on the subject. "Mamma says I was about three years old when she brought me home, and I know Hector was only a baby."

"Is Hector the gentleman you are going to marry?"

"Yes," was the grave reply—"Hector Warren. Isn't it a beautiful name? And it just suits him. Eve, how old should you think me, now?"

"About eleven."

"There!" she cried, with a petulant laugh, "you are like everybody else, and it is so tiresome. Why, it is nearly ten years since mamma

brought me home, so I *must* be thirteen. Isn't it awkward to look so young?"

"I don't know whether you will think it so awkward in a few years' time," I replied, wisely.

"Oh, I shall, because Hector looks older; he's very much bigger, you see, and that makes him think he looks older. He's—oh, so big and strong! When he's fishing he carries me over the river 'like a feather,' he says; and he always laughs because I'm so small and slight. But I don't mind how much Hector laughs at me; I laugh back at him, and all the time we love each other best in the world, because in a few years, you see, we are going to be married. Only first he has to go to school, and college, and all over Europe; and I have to be at school too; then I'm to go to Italy with mamma. Mamma loves Italy, and she often goes. She was there when she found me, and I'm going to learn singing there—proper singing. I can sing now, but not what mamma calls singing. She says my father sung at operas and concerts, and got hundreds of guineas a night, and that everybody went to hear him."

"She knew your father, then?"

"Yes; but as he was so great and clever, of course everybody would know him," Leoline said, as if her knowledge on that particular point was but vague. "Yes, he could sing beautifully; so I make up fancies about him, and tell Hector, till—till that old memory comes, and I think of him lying now under the terrible sea. Oh, I wish I hadn't come here!" cried the child, in sudden piteousness.

"And I suppose you want to learn to sing as beautifully as he did, eh, Leoline?" I asked, just to call her back to the old train of thought. "Do you think you ever will?"

"Some day," the bright young voice answered, again quite cheerfully. "I show Hector sometimes how I'm going to do—listen."

With wonderful turns, and shakes, and trills, and cadenzas, yet without any words, the child performed an air which I happened to know. It was the "Shadow Song," so popular then as a school-girl's piano piece; but never before had I heard it in its wild, rich, fanciful beauty as I heard it then.

In the silence that followed the slow dying away of the last note I heard a rush of bare feet from the door, and presently mademoiselle entered with a candle in her hand.

"Children," she said, in French—and the light of the candle fell on her stern face—"you have broken the rules to-night."

She had stopped beside Leoline's bed, and was looking down upon the child, who lay quite still, with her eyes closed, apparently sleeping with serenity. Mademoiselle came up to my bed then, but finding me coiled in the clothes, and breathing with the heavy regularity of deep and tranquil sleep, she left the room with a puzzled frown.

"Did you like it—my singing?" presently questioned a whispering voice from Leoline's bed; "and don't you dislike mademoiselle?"

"No; I like her very much. Don't talk any more, Leoline. If you do I shall not listen."

"Oh, I did shriek so when mamma told me I was to go to school," persisted the child, apparently more wide-awake than ever. "I thought I could frighten all the house, and prevent her sending me. I told everybody that it would kill me, but even that didn't prevent her; and then, of course, I was very sorry, because she did it for my good, and she was so gentle. Oh, the good-by was terrible! We all cried all day, especially mamma: she loves me just like I love her. I'm not a bit like mamma; Hector's like her. Hector went away all the day I left, because he couldn't say good-by. We don't tell mamma we are going to marry, because she likes us to be like brother and sister; but we can't, because brothers and sisters separate when they grow up, and Hector and I should die if we separated. We don't tell papa either, because he would laugh. Papa does so love Hector and me! he idolizes Hector, and, oh, he does pet me! Ah, you understand, Eve. I don't like school, and I never shall, unless perhaps you teach me to. There, those are my last words: good-night."

In the silence which at last had settled upon our room I fell asleep; and I must have slept some hours, when I awoke with the vague feeling that my conversation with Leoline had been a dream.

"Leoline," I whispered, "are you asleep?"

"No," the wakeful voice answered from the little bed opposite me, "not yet; I haven't done thinking yet of home and Hector."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PRESIDENTIAL PROGRESS.

WHEN General JACKSON, in 1829, journeyed from Nashville to Washington to take his seat as President of the United States, he travelled by stage-coach over the old national pike that led over the Alleghanies. In the palmy days of coaching no other post-road in the country did so large a business as this splendid old highway, which opened the West and Southwest to the East. The wagons were so numerous that the leaders of one team had their noses in the trough at the end of the next wagon ahead; and the coaches, drawn by four or six horses, dashed along at a rate which would have made an English coachman of the day mad with envy. Besides the coaches and wagons, there were gentlemen travelling singly on horseback, with all the accoutrements of their journey packed in saddle-bags, and there were immense droves of sheep and herds of cattle raising clouds of dust along their path.

Once in a while Mr. CLAY or General JACKSON appeared on the road, on their way to Washington, and answered with stately cordiality the familiar greetings of the passers-by. General JACKSON's journey as President-elect was like a royal progress. Everywhere along the route he was greeted by enthusiastic crowds, and was frequently called upon for a speech. Our artist, Mr. HOWARD PYLE, in the illustration on page 164, represents the stately and courtly old gentleman addressing, from the driver's seat, one of the numerous impromptu gatherings which the magic of his military and political renown had called together.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

A SMALL COMMISSION.

UPON the dreary moor there is little pleasure of spring, or joy of summer, because of the absence of that beauty (transcending that of the loveliest daughter of mankind), the excellent beauty of the trees, which man was meant to nourish, but loves better to demolish.

Only in the softer wrinkles, where the hard face of the land relaxes into a smile aside, has any tree a hope of standing against the fierce wind and scowling sky. But in the few spots where shelter helps them, and frugal virtue of the soil gives food, the pleasure of surprise multiplies their beauty, and the jagged granite sets their green off, with a spiked white chain around their necks. These quiet dingles are the very sweetest places for any man to wander through, with the spring of the year around him, and the sound of crispness following his steps, and plenty of time to see things grow.

When the smiting wind from the wilderness leaps over the bristly ramp of furze, and after a few dying kicks expires, the soft, kind creatures that have finer feelings rejoice down below, and hug themselves. For here they have safety, and comfort, and repose, and a soil glad with sweet oozfness; and the sprinkle of tempestuous air ruffles through them softly, and the hushing of the wind is music.

In such a gentle place, set largely with promiscuous hope, and strewn with more than good intentions of the modest work of spring, the foot of a savage man crushed the moss, and a tumult deeper than that of the wildest wind stirred through the branches. Forsaken of all his fellows' love, and disdainful of his Maker's, as hateful a man as ever trod the earth, because he had no love of anything. Even as a baby of low nature may be known by its cruel look at a little bird or fly, and a boy of nasty instincts by his torture of a frog, so a truly wicked man shows himself by doing despite to the good-will of his mother earth.

This man came along, with a fierce glitter in his eyes, and a slouching of his lumpy neck, and hatred of mankind stamped upon his sour forehead, gingery brows, and grimy black cheeks. The shape of the face had once been fine, the features strong and regular; and a mighty strength of will had made it, in the prosperous days, impressive. But no one would think of considering it now, as a matter of kind interest; the impulse of any one beholding it would be to prefer the other side of Dartmoor.

The man, who was tall and of vigorous frame, contrived to crush everything that could be crushed by one pair of feet planted recklessly. His coat was of undressed sheep-skin, with the wool torn and worn by the briers and rocks; his breeches were of rick-cloth sewn roughly by himself; his cap of badger-skin; and about him there was nothing of tradesman's work except his boots. These had been stolen from a shop, or cart, or perhaps from some gentleman's dwelling-house; for clearly enough they were boots of good art, flexible, shapely, strong, and lively, and really inclined to be water-proof on the feet of a clever wearer. They had a very clever wearer now, who instead of cracking them with blacking, anointed them daily with raw fat, which they sucked into their constitution.

There were many who desired to catch this man, for a heavy reward was upon him; but any one looking at him would think twice before raising hand to lay hold of him. For he carried a big double-barrelled gun of heavy bore, not too long to be handy, and having percussion locks—a novelty as yet among the simple sportsmen of the moor. Wild and savage and reckless as he looked, with the stain of the bogs and the fray of the rocks, and ravellings of time and weather, it was manifest that he set store by his gun, which was clean, well oiled, and in good condition. Even now, fiercely as he trod his way among delicate growth, frail bud and gentle flower, he bore his heavy weapon carefully and watchfully, lest any bough should bruise or sharp rock scratch it. Also, he kept his keen eyes on the strain, for he was going to a doubtful and perilous appointment.

"If he has doubled on me, he dies first," was the comfort he kept on administering to himself, although it did not make him comfortable. "He would turn upon himself if he was paid, and could run away from it. There are many blackguards in the world, but none fit to hold a candle to my clever and exalted friend. He has thriven, and I have failed; because I had scruples, and he had none. But I have one pull upon him: his life is much to him; mine is a small thing to me."

In the bend of this glen, where the wood grows thickest, there is a little driblet of a spring that falls—by way of an early lesson to itself—almost as soon as it has done rising, over a rib of its hard mother granite. Certainly a few things fond of water come to alleviate its first mishap—moss, for instance, and the stems of wet-bine, and crinkled caddis reeds, that introduce themselves as conduits. Still, there the fall is, and it must be fallen, even though it be five bad yards deep, amid a little jubilee of fluttering expectants, flower and leaf and crocketed frond, jerk-tailed gnat and snub-nosed fern-web, the little mouse that lives in a gossamer almost, and the rabbit who builds him a castle of sand—all of them rejoicing in the tiny spout of crystal, the jeopardy of a sprinkle from a whiff of wind across it, and the freshness of the seed-pearls that glisten in the sunshine, or make a sliding string of some bent filament they have stolen.

Upon a slab of granite, near a stool of budding hazel, where the clear little thread of water fell into a fantastic knot, at the base of the crag that shaped it, there sat a man of impatient mind, high color, and strong character. Not such character, perhaps, as those who aim at the welfare of the human race would desire to increase and multiply, but such as many positive moralists prefer to what they call "the washed-out type of persons without any will of their own." In a word, here was the red-faced man.

The style of courteous bluffness and of pleasant arrogance which liked him well, and made clever women hate him so, was not at all the cue to suit him now. For now he had to deal with a man that knew him, and felt for him even less respect than he still was able to nourish for himself. On this account, George Gaston allowed himself to look as nearly as possible the animal he was—an ill-bred, ill-conditioned man, who had chosen the evil rather than the good, and despised the good because he never could regain it.

Guy Wenlow, the murderer of two women—if verdicts could be trusted—and now the outcast of the moor, was forcing his overhung and tangled way to the place of appointment with such a reckless noise, partly through ferocity, and partly of set purpose. For he wanted to show that he was not afraid of any one, but could roam where he pleased, like a gentleman at large.

Generally when two big villains meet for concoction of further villainy, one of them takes the upper hand, and keeps it, in virtue—if the word may so be used—of more skillful and masterful villainy. This was what Gaston intended to do, and Wenlow was equally resolved to do it. But a man who has dwelt in the desert for a twelvemonth, and mainly been dealing with the larger forms of nature, lies at a sad disadvantage before his fellow who has never missed a day in the factory and mart of lies.

George Gaston smiled at his former comrade, as he broke from the covert into the rugged opening, with his gun at full cock, and eyes flashing defiance. "Did you think that I would harm you?" he asked, rather sadly; "is there no confidence among old friends?"

"Talk no rubbish," the old friend replied. "If you could gain sixpence by hanging me, and keep your own body out of it, you would do it. What do you want with me? My time is short."

"Your time will be shorter if you so misuse it. You are soured by retirement, instead of growing mellow. I am disappointed by your want of cordiality."

The man of the sheep-skins turned away with an oath, and threw his gun on his shoulder. "I came a long way to oblige you," he said. "Good-by. You will swing before I do."

"Civilization has no sweets for him. There was a time when he loved potted char. But now he cares only for Dartmoor mutton."

"Gaston," cried the other, coming back with dignity, and yet with some signs of desire about his mouth, "is it potted char? What a memory you have! If you only knew how sick I am of mutton!"

"It is potted char, from the only house possessing any connection with the genuine fish. The brand is on the top and the bottom and the sides, and especially over the place to put the knife in, because of the sad increase of commercial roguery. The smell alone will indicate how genuine it is. A three-pound pot, for old lang syne. But alas! there is no true friendship left."

"How many pots of it have you brought? This is truly kind on your part, George. No one has shown a bit of care about my likings ever since every one turned against me. But what is it you want of me, in return for all this bribery?"

"Only a little thing, Guy Wenlow, a trifle altogether for a man of your position. I am half ashamed to give you such a trumpery commission. But it may lead to better things for both of us hereafter."

"No mealy mouth about it, George. I care very little what I do now."

"Well, this is a thing that you will like to do. You hate any fellow that sticks up to be a wonder?"

"That I do, with all my heart. It is humbug, rank humbug. We are all alike. You know it as well as I do."

"Never mind moralizing now. Do you remember a tale I told you that night when the lightning was so frightful on the heath?"

"Every word of it," answered the other, with a laugh; "for it let me into a little secret, that even George Gaston was afraid of something. 'Let us talk of something good,' you said, 'the weather is so awful; let us talk of something good.' Fie, George, fie, to be a coward of a thunder-cloud!"

"If you had seen what I have—ay, and felt it too—you would sing another song, Guy Wenlow. Some men attract it, some repel. Twice have I been struck; and the color of my face— But never mind now; it never thunders here."

"That shows your ignorance of the moor. You should hear it rattle round the tors sometimes. But what am I to do for you? And how much for it?"

"All you have to do for me is to knock down a boy. And for that you shall have £5 in gold. Unless you like to do it from good feeling only. For what chance can you get of spending any money?"

"Gaston, you always were a despicable screw. To knock down a boy costs five shillings, and expenses. For £5, twenty boys should be knocked down; and you are not the man to pay too much. What you want is a bigger job than that. Out with it!"

"Well, if you want a big name for it, and small crimes do not suit you, Guy, you may call it the robbery of her Majesty's mail, as represented by a cobbler's boy. The man of whom I told you that fine story, a cock-a-hoop, a high-flier, a romantic fool of honor—"

"You called him none of that, George Gaston, when the lightning was around you. He was a marvel of good works then, and to praise him seemed to protect you in your trembles."

"Pest upon that! I was nervous, I confess. Every one has his weak point, I suppose. What he may be is no concern of yours. All you have to do is to look after him for me. And if you do it well, you shall have handsome pay. Even in the wilderness you want money. Without it, you would have been taken long ago. And to break into farm-houses is but onions and bacon. A little healthy business on the outskirts of the moor will cure you of bog ague, and put cash in your woolly pockets. Wenlow, I congratulate you on your brave appearance."

"Any fool can laugh. You are wasting time. I can not. My day is divided, and I never knew the value of time till I had to score it by the shadows."

"And to keep on the shadowy side of the score. Impatient man, I will be brief. Have you ever heard of Christowell?"

"Yes, I know all about it. I have got an eye to the parson's house. You may hear of something I do there."

"Try nothing of the kind. It is a very quiet hole, and must be treated quietly. Under the beacon lives our friend who made such a fool of himself years back. There he has got a sort of hut and garden—a craze, a bit of madness, suited to his strange propensities. He was knocked on the head in some battle, I believe, and the earth went in upon his brain, and staid there. He is cracked about gardening, and the things the worms do. He pounds away, and labors with his naked arms, as if he had been born in a brick-field. I saw him myself, or I could not have believed it. I was let in by a man who knows every rat-hole of the premises. The fellow was a mass of mould and grime, when he might have been rolling in guineas."

"I like a man of that sort. He can not be a sneak," Black Wenlow replied, with a look that meant, "like you, my friend." "It will take more than £5 to make me go against him."

"What a sentimental turn that is! Such a lesson in morality is worth £5. A man is enabled to charge for his work according to his character; £10 will be very handsome for a man of yours. You know the man I mean, from my description. The chaw-bacons call him 'Captain Larks.' I have no time to tell you how I am concerned with his affairs; and if I had, it would do no good. The practical part of the matter is that I want to keep him as he is—retired, industrious, respectable, and wholly in the dark about his family affairs. He has quitted the world of his own accord; he is as happy as a king; and I wish him to continue so. His return to civilized life would be a plague to me, as well as a misery to himself. I wish him well, with all my heart; for I always liked a magnanimous fool, a boy who sees the world through his own pea-shooter. Perhaps he has never even heard of me; for I have arisen since his day."

"I have no time to hearken to all these items. I have to watch the shadows as a painter does. Tell me what I have to do, and never mind the reasons."

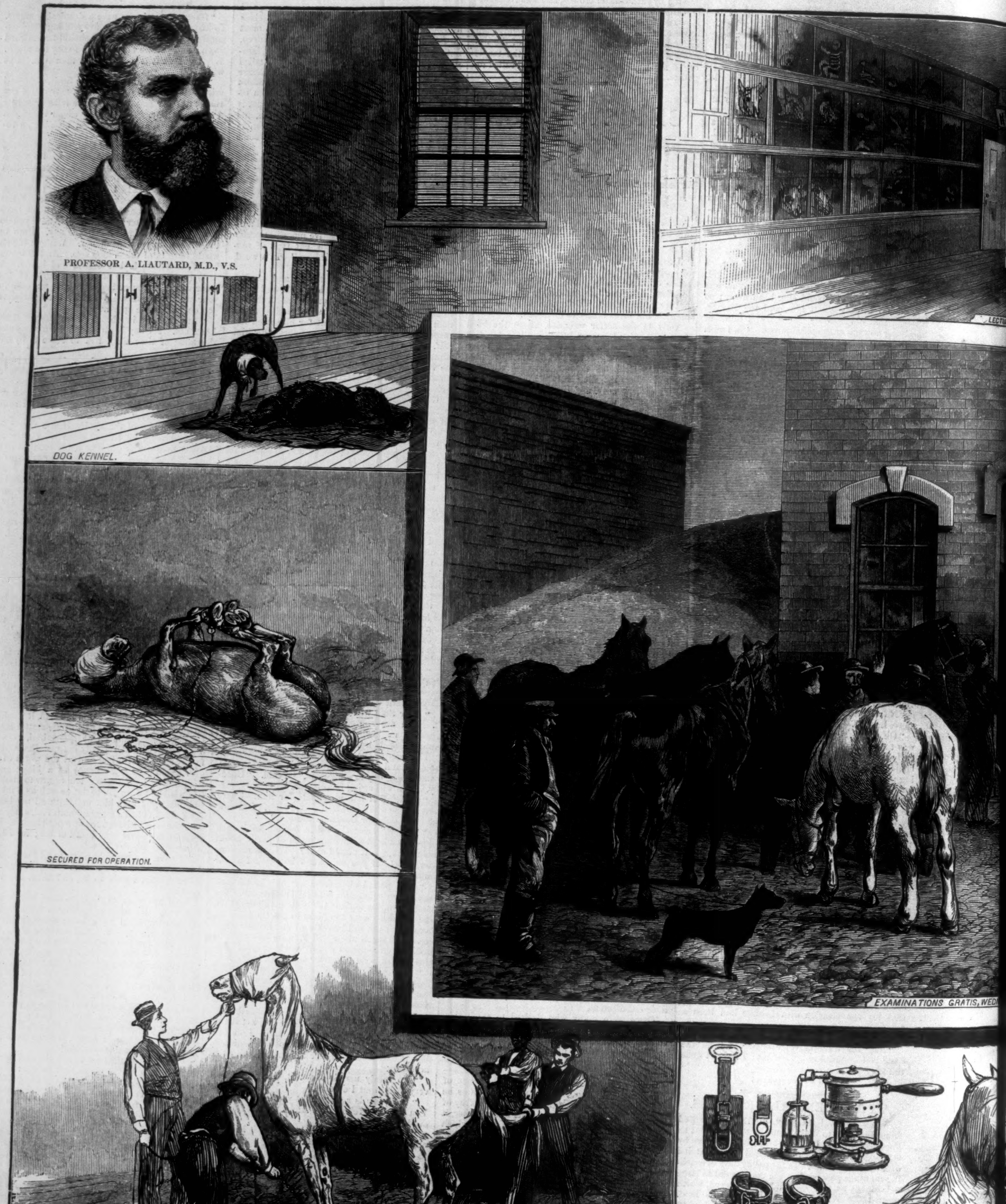
"All you have to do is to keep watch upon the man. He must not go from home without my hearing of it by a letter through the old rogue at the Raven. And another thing, still more important, is that he must not receive any letters. I shall leave Exeter by the Quicksilver this evening, having discovered all I want to know at present. On Monday the lawyers of the family will write to him, having at last found him out through me, after a score of advertisements had failed. That letter will be due to me, and I must have it. It must go through the post, and bear the proper postmarks; but instead of being delivered to Captain Larks, it must be handed over to your humble servant."

"And you wanted me to rob the mail for £5! Many things amaze me in your nature; but one thing astounds me—your quantity of brass."

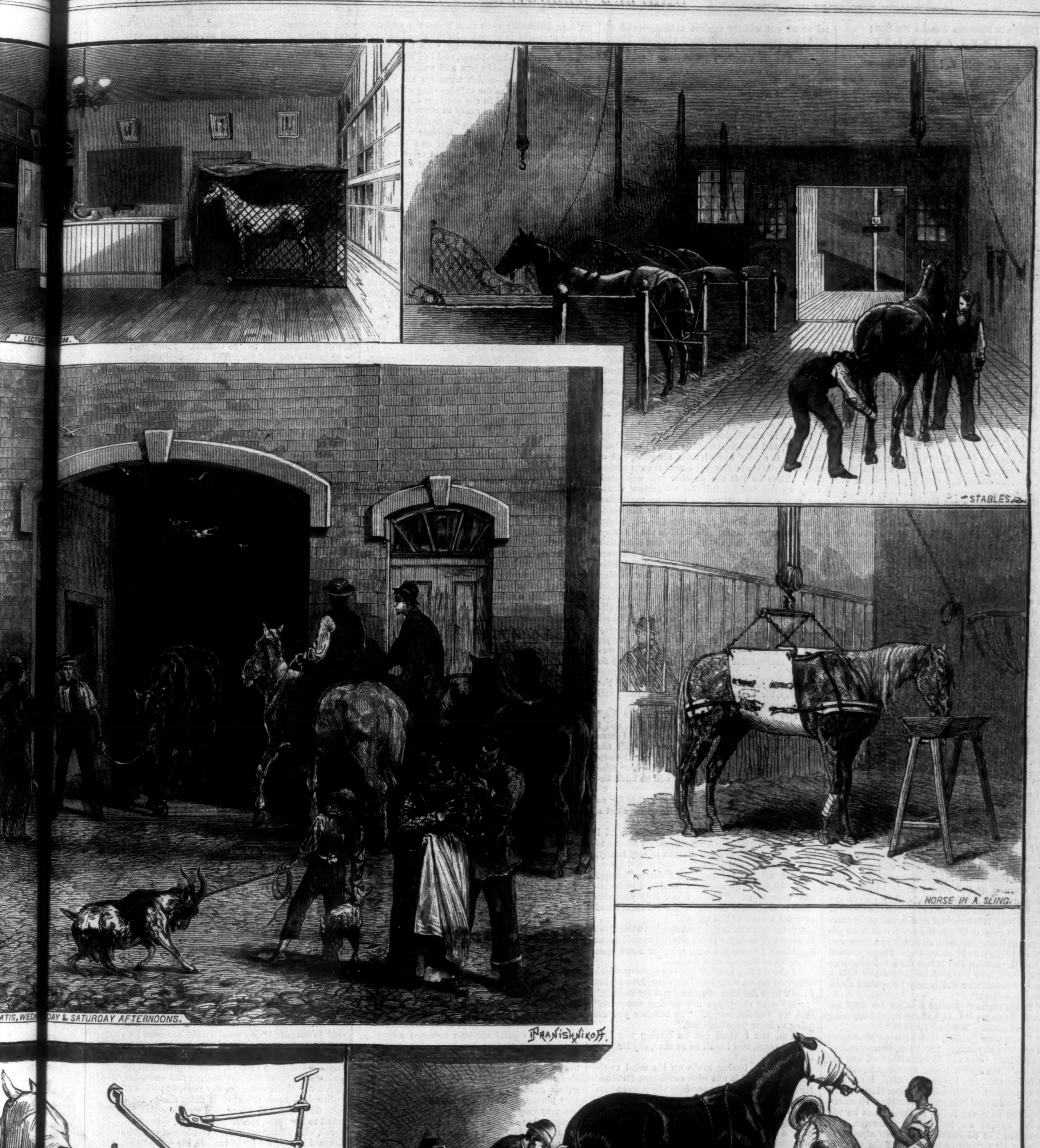
"Cheek is now the word for it, since your disappearance from polite society. But the name is bigger than the job, Guy Wenlow. To-morrow will be the 1st of May. On Wednesday morning the letter will come to Christowell, about ten o'clock as usual, and be left at the house of James Trickey, the cobbler. A new postage 'envelope,' some new-fangled crotchet for cheap letters, is to be issued on the 1st of May, with the postage paid, or some such stuff. All Christowell will be goggle-eyed for a long time after these come to hand. I shall send two dozen dummies to people whose names I have picked up. Trickey will be mazed, as they call it about here, and attribute all these wonders to the pixies and the witches. He won't venture out of sight of his own door that day, especially at such a time of year, when the evil spirits do their worst. His little boy Bob, who is too young to be afraid, will be sent up the hill with the Captain's letter. Scare him to the point of death, but don't hurt him."

"You need not tell me that; I am benevolence itself. Very well, I take his letter, and what then? On the moor are no post-offices."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE AMERICAN VETERINARY COLLEGE, NEW YORK—HOS



—HOS[P]TAL DEPARTMENT.—Drawn by Pranishnikoff.—[See Page 171.]

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1235.]

ASPHODEL.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "BARBARA; OR, SPLENDID MISERY," "A STRANGE WORLD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "VIXEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"LOVE IS NOT OLD, AS WHAN THAT IT IS NEW."

SIR VERNON'S party had sailed over the smiling waters of Thun, with its villa-dotted shores, and its low amphitheatre of pastoral hills, which form the foreground to the sublimer mountain land. They and all their belongings had been carried into Interlaken by the funny little railway across the Bodelei, that fertile garden ground between two lakes which has such an obvious air of having begun life under water. They had seen the long rank of prosperous-looking omnibuses waiting for travellers, and in one of those vehicles they had been carried away from the walnut-tree boulevard, and all the gayety and fashion of Interlaken, to a rustic road ascending the hill toward the pine woods, and the mountain peaks far away beyond them, piled up against the edge of the sky.

Here at the Jungfraublich they found a charming suite of rooms prepared for them—rooms not gorgeously furnished or richly ornamented, but with long French windows which looked upon as fair a landscape as the eye of man could desire to behold. There rose the Jungfrau in her sublime beauty, above the fertile valley with its lake and meadows, its chalets and gardens, orchards and bosquets: all the simplicity and prettiness of Nature on a small scale lying at the feet of the immensities.

It was twilight when they arrived, and the first star of evening, a faint luminous spot in the blue-gray, hovered above the snowy pinnacle of the mountain.

"Oh, you dear!" cried Daphne, to the mountain and not to the star; "you will be a part of my life from this night. How shall I ever live without you when I go back to Warwickshire?"

"You will have to console yourself with an occasional glimpse of the Wrekin or the Cotswolds," said Madoline, laughing.

"I am almost sorry I ever came to Switzerland," said Daphne, turning away from the open window with a sigh, when she had gazed, and gazed, as if she would fain have made herself a part of the thing she looked at.

"Why, dearest?" asked Lina.

"Because I shall always be longing to come back here. I shall never be able to tolerate the eternal flatness of home; mole-hills instead of mountains."

"Hawksyard is rather flat, I admit," said Edgar, apologetically; "but it is remarkably well drained. There isn't a healthier house in England."

"Will not all their modern æstheticism—their Queen Anne worship, their straight garden walks and straight-backed chairs, their everlasting tea-trays, and Japanese screens, and sunflowers, and dadoes—sicken you after this mountain land?" cried Daphne. "Such a narrow, petty, childish idea of beauty! Have these perpendicular people ever seen the Jungfrau, do you suppose?"

"Seen her, and outlived her, and ascended to a higher empyrean of art," answered Gerald. "You poor child, do you know that you are going into raptures about things which a well-bred person would hardly deign to mention, any more than a Pytchley man would stoop to talk about the Brighton Harriers? This is cockney Switzerland—as cockney as the Trossachs or Killarney, as Ramsgate and Margate. Everybody knows the Jungfrau, at least by sight; everybody has been at Interlaken. It is the chief rendezvous of the travellers who come in flocks, and are driven from pillar to post like sheep, with an intelligent interpreter playing the part of sheep-dog. I hope you will do the Matterhorn and Monte Rosa before you go home; and then you will be acquainted with a brace of mountains which may be spoken about in polite society."

"The Jungfrau is good enough for me," answered Daphne; "I shall never behold anything more beautiful. Manfred loved it."

"I beg your pardon, that amiable gentleman did not love anything. 'And you, ye mountains,' he exclaims, 'why are ye beautiful? I can not love ye.' He does not care for the sun, nor for his fellow-men, nor for his own life. He has all the misanthropy of Hamlet, without Hamlet's unselfish reasons for being misanthropic. However, I suppose to young ladies in their teens he will always appear an interesting character. No doubt you will be starting with your alpenstock at daybreak to-morrow in search of the witch of the Alps. You will most likely discover her by one of the bridges on the road to Grindelwald, offering dirty bunches of Edelweisse, or indifferently fresh milk, to the passers-by."

"Daphne is going nowhere without me," said Lina, laying her hand caressingly upon her sister's shoulder. "She is too enthusiastic to be trusted in strange places. You will not go anywhere alone, will you, darling?"

"I will do nothing in this world to vex you," answered Daphne, earnestly, with the straightest, clearest look in her lovely eyes.

Later in the evening, after they had dined, and Sir Vernon had retired for the night, Mr. Goring loitered alone in the terraced garden of the hotel. The mountain, faintly touched with silvery light from a young moon, rose in front of him, and below glimmered those earthlier lights which told of human life: yellow candle-light in wooden chalets; the flare of the gas yonder, faint in the distance, where the walnut-tree walk was all alive with the light of its hotels, and its modest Kursaal. A fitful gust of music from the band came floating up the valley. Behind him the hotel stood out whitely against a background of dark pine woods—lights in many windows. Those ten lighted windows in a row on the first story belonged to Sir Vernon's apartments. He looked up, vaguely wondering which window belonged to Daphne's room. That one at the end of the range, most likely—the window wide open to the night and the mystic mountain land. While he was deciding this, a white-robed figure stepped lightly out upon the balcony, and stood there, gazing at the far-away peaks faintly outlined against a purple sky.

There were three or four other loungers upon the terrace, each with his cigar, the luminous point of which gleamed here and there among the bushes like a glow-worm. There was no reason why Daphne should distinguish him from the rest, as he sat in an angle of the stone balustrade, half hidden in the shadow of an acacia, lonely, dissatisfied; yet it was painful to him, in his egotism, to see her standing there, immovable, a lovely statuesque form, with upturned face and clasped hands, worshipping the blind, dumb, unresponsive goddess Nature, and all unconscious that he, her lover, with a human heart to feel and to suffer, was looking up at her with passionate yearning from the dewy darkness below.

"She does not care a jot for me; she is harder than the nether millstone," he said to himself, savagely. "Yet I once thought her the softest, most yielding thing in creation—a being so impressionable that she might be moulded by a wish or a thought of mine. I feared the touching of our spirits, as if I were flame and she tinder. Yet our souls have touched, and kindled, and burst into a blaze, and she has strength of mind to pluck herself away unscathed, not a feather of her purity scorched, from that fiery contact."

He sat in his shadowy corner, lazily finishing his cigar, and looking up at the figure in the balcony till it slowly melted from his gaze, and a muslin curtain was dropped across the open window. Then he left the garden, and wandered away up the wooded hill-side by narrow winding paths which seemed to have no particular direction, but to have been worn by the footprints of other idlers as purposeless—it might be as unhappy—as he. He staid in the shadowy wood for a long time, smoking a second cigar, and preferring that perfumed solitude and his own gloomy thoughts to any diversion which the little lighted town down in the great hollow yonder could have furnished him. And then at last, on the verge of midnight, when all the lighted windows of the Jungfraublich had gone out one after another, and the big white barrack looked all blank and bare, he turned and groped his way back to it through the sinuous woodland ways, and was admitted by a sleepy porter, who was mildly reproachful at having been kept up so long.

A grand excursion had been planned for the next day, Sir Vernon approving the scheme, and politely requesting to be left out of it.

"You wouldn't know what to do with me," he said. "I should be a burden to you, and I should be terribly tiresome to myself. I have letters to write which will occupy me all the morning, and in the afternoon I can stroll down to the Kursaal, or sit in the garden here, or take a little walk in the wood. You will be back before nine o'clock, I dare say."

Madoline was loath to leave her father for so long a day. He was an invalid, and required a good deal of attention, she reminded him.

"There is Jinman, my dear; he can do all I want. Of course it is much pleasanter for me to be waited on by you; but Jinman is very handy, and will serve on a pinch."

"But all those letters, dear father," urged Lina, looking at an alarming bundle of business-like documents. "Could I not help you with those? Could not the greater part of them stand over till we are at Montreux?"

"Some of them might, perhaps, but some must be answered to-day. Don't worry yourself about me, Lina; I know you have set your heart upon going up to Mürren with Daphne."

"I should like to show her the scenery which delighted me so, years ago," answered Lina; "but I can't bear the idea of leaving you for so long."

"My dear child, you are talking nonsense," said Sir Vernon, testily. "In October you are going to leave me altogether."

"Yes, but I shall not be leaving you in a strange hotel, and I shall be so near, at your beck and call, always."

Sir Vernon having made up his mind to the sacrifice, carried it out with consistent fortitude. He himself ordered the carriage which was to carry off his beloved daughter, with those other three who were comparatively indifferent to him.

They drove away from the hotel immediately after a seven-o'clock breakfast, in the clear light of morning, while the fields and hedges were still dewy, and the earth wore her fairest, freshest colors, and breathed out her sweetest odors. Soon after they left the village they came to the road beside the deep, rapid Lütschine River, which cleaves the heart of the valley. On either side rose a lofty wall of hills, slope above slope, climbing up to heaven, clothed to the very summit with tall feathery firs, some of stupendous size, the sombre tints of these patriarchs relieved by the tender green of the young larches; the white Lütschine rushing on all the while, a wild, romantic stream, tumbling and seething over masses of stone. Here by the river-bank they stopped to see the murder-stone—an inscription cut on the face of the rock, which tells how at this spot a brother slew his brother.

There was a halt of half an hour or so at Lauterbrunnen, just long enough to pay proper homage to the Staubbach, and to explore the queer little primitive village, and for Daphne to burden herself with a number of souvenirs, all more or less of a staggy or goaty order, bargaining sturdily for the same with the sunburned proprietor of a covered stall opposite the inn, whose honesty in no case demanded more than thrice the amount he was prepared to accept. By the time Daphne had concluded her transactions with this merchant of mountain bric-à-brac, and had made herself spiky with paper-knives and walking-sticks of the horny kind—which treasures she reluctantly surrendered to the safe-keeping of an inn servant, to be packed in the carriage against her return—the steeds were ready to convey the two ladies up the mountain path, the gentlemen being bent upon going up on foot. Daphne wanted to walk, and had just bought herself an alpenstock with that view, but Lina would not allow her to undertake the journey; so she handed Edgar her alpenstock, and was hoisted into a queer kind of saddle, with a railing round it, and Lina being similarly mounted, they began the ascent, going through more mud, just at starting, than seemed compatible with such perfect summer weather.

"I hope, Edgar," said Daphne, gravely, "that you won't take your idea of my horsemanship from my performance on this animal and in this saddle, or else I am afraid you'll never let me ride Black Pearl."

Edgar laughingly assured her that her seat was perfection, even in the railed-in saddle, and that she should have the best horse money could buy or judgment secure.

The two young men went on before them, leaping from stone to stone, and making great play with their alpenstocks as they bounded across the streamlets which frequently intersected their path. It was a narrow, narrow way, winding up the shoulder of the hill, now in sunlight, now in shade; the summer air sweetened with the scent of the pine-trees; pine-clad slopes above, pine-clad slopes below, sometimes gently slanting downward, a green hill-side which little children might play upon, sometimes a sheer descent terrible to the eye; chalets dotting the meadows far below; villages spread out on the greensward of the valley, and looking like clusters of toy houses; the road winding through the valley like a silver ribbon; the awful Jungfrau range facing them, as they ascended, in all its unspeakable majesty, grander, and yet ever grander, as they came nearer it.

Sometimes, as they rode through the pine-trees, they seemed to be riding straight into the snowy mountains, they were so close, so close to that white majesty. Then, as they came suddenly into the open, those airy peaks receded, remote as ever, melting further and further away as one rode after them, like a never-to-be-reached fairy-land.

"I could almost cry with vexation," exclaimed Daphne, after one of those optical delusions. "I thought we were close to the Jungfrau, and there she stands smiling down at me, with her pallid enigmatical smile, from the very top of the world. Edgar, if you love me, you must take me up that impertinent mountain before I am a year older."

"You were talking yesterday of the Cordilleras."

"I know, but we must finish off the Alps first—Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau, the Shreckhorn, the Rothhorn, the Matterhorn, the Finster-Aarhorn, and all the rest of them. I can not be defied by the insolence of Nature. She has thrown her gauntlet, and I must positively pick it up. If the mountain won't come to Mohammed—and the general experience seems to show that mountains are obstinate things—Mohammed must go to the mountain. I mean to have it out with Mont Blanc before I die."

"I don't believe a lady has ever done the ascent," said Edgar, leading his mistress's meek and patient steed along a winding ledge.

"That shows how densely ignorant you must be of the age you live in. Be sure that there is nothing in this life which the man of the present can do which the woman of the present won't imitate; and the more essentially masculine the thing is, the more certain she is to attempt it."

"But I hope you don't rank yourself among masculine women, Daphne," murmured Edgar, drawing protectingly near her as they turned a sharp corner.

"I don't; but I mean to ascend Mont Blanc."

They were nearing the village on the height. The Lauterbrunnen Valley was sinking deeper and deeper into remoteness, a mere green cleft in the mountains. They had met and passed many people on their way: ladies being carried down by sturdy natives in a kind of Sedan-chair, something of the palki species; voyagers struggling upward with their belongings, with a view to spending some days in the quiet settlement among the snow-peaks; guides jogging by with somebody else's luggage; mules laden with provisions. The guides gave each other a grinning good-day as they passed, and exchanged remarks in a patois not very easy to understand—remarks that had a suggestion of being critical, and not altogether commendatory, of the clients at that moment under escort.

"Here we are, up in the skies at last!" cried Daphne, as she sprang lightly to the ground, spurning her lover's proffered aid, and just brushing against the eager arms held out to receive her; "and, oh, how dreadfully far away the top of the Jungfrau still is! and how very dirty she looks, now we are on a level with her shoulder!"

"It is too late in the year for you to see her in her virginal purity. A good deal of the snow has melted," said Madoline, apologetically.

"But it ought not to melt. I thought I was coming to a region of eternal snow. Why, the lower peaks are horribly streaky and brown. Thank Heaven, the Silberhorn still looks dazzlingly white. And is this Mürren? A real mountain village? How I wish we were going to live here for a month!"

"I fancy you would get terribly tired of it," suggested Gerald Goring.

She did not stay to argue the point, but ordered Edgar to explore the village with her immediately. The big wooden barrack of a hotel, with its bright green blinds and pine balconies, looked down upon her, the commonplace type of an advanced civilization. Young men, all affecting a more or less Alpine Clubbish air, lounged about in various easy attitudes; young women, in every variety of hat and gauze veil, read Tauchnitz novels, or made believe to be sketching, under artistic-looking umbrellas. Daphne made but a cursory survey of this tourist population before she started off upon her voyage of discovery, with Edgar in delighted attendance on her steps. Madoline and Gerald, who both knew all that there was to be known about Mürren, were content to loiter in the garden of the Hôtel des Alpes, dreamily contemplative of the sublimities around and about them.

"I give you half an hour for your explorations," said Gerald, as Daphne and her swain departed; "if you are not back by that time, Lina and I will eat all the luncheon. At this elevation, luncheon is not a matter to be trifled with. There are limits to the supplies."

He went into the hotel to give his orders, while Lina walked slowly up and down one of the terraced pathways, looking at the wild chaos of glacier and rock before her—looking, yet seeing but little of that stony grandeur, caring but little for its origin or its history, with sad eyes turned inward, vaguely contemplating a vague sorrow.

It was not a grief of yesterday's date—it was a sorrow made up of doubts and cares which had their beginning in Gerald Goring's letter telling her of his intended trip to Canada. From that hour to this she had perceived a gradual change in him. His letters from the Western World, kind and affectionate as they had been, were altogether different from the letters he had written to her in former years. When he came back, the man himself seemed different. He was not less kind or less attentive, less eager to gratify and to anticipate her wishes. To her, and in all his relations with her, he was faultless; but he was changed. Something had gone out of him—life, spirit, soul—the flame which makes the lamp glorious and beautiful; something was faded and dead in him; leaving the man himself a gentlemanly piece of mechanism, like one of those victims to anatomical experiment from whose living body the brain, or some particular portion of the brain, has been subtracted, and which mechanically performs and repeats the same actions with a hideous soulless monotony. "Was it that he loved her less, that he had ceased to love her?" she had asked herself, recoiling with shuddering heart-sickness from the thought, as if she had found herself suddenly on the verge of some horrible abyss, and seen inevitable ruin and death below. No, she told herself, judging his heart by her own. A love that had grown as theirs had grown, side by side with the gradual growth of mind and body—a love interwoven with every memory and every hope—was not of the kind to change unawares to indifference. She was perfectly free from the taint of vanity, but she knew that she was worthy of her lover's love. She who had been her father's idol, the object of respect and consideration from all about her, was accustomed to the idea of being beloved. She had been told too often of her beauty not to know that she was handsomer than the majority of women. She knew that in mental power she was her lover's equal; by birth, by fortune, by every attribute and quality, she was fitted to be his wife, to rule over his household, and to be a purifying and elevating influence in his life. His mother had loved her as warmly as it was possible for that languid nature to love anything. Their two lives were interwoven by so many ties in the past as well as in the present. No, it was not possible for Madoline, seeing all things from the standpoint of her own calm and evenly balanced mind, to imagine infidelity in a lover so long and so closely bound to her. Those sudden aberrations of the human mind which wreck so many lives, for which no looker-on can account, had never come within the range of her experience.

Rejecting the idea of inconstancy, she was compelled to find some other reason for the indefinable change which had slowly been revealed to her since Gerald's last home-coming. What could it be except the languor of ill health, or, perhaps, the terrible satiety of a life which had so few duties, and so many indulgences—a life that called for no effort of mind, for not one act of self-denial?

"Every man ought to have a career," she said to herself. "My poor Gerald has none; no ambition; nothing to hope for, or work for, or build upon. The new days of his life bring him nothing but old pleasures. He is getting weary and worn out in the very morning of existence. What will he be when the day begins to wane?"

She had been thinking of these things for a long time, and had determined upon opening her mind to her lover, seriously, candidly, without reserve, with all the outspoken freedom of one who deemed herself a part of his life, his second self.

Here, in the face of those solemn heights, which seem ever typical of the loftier aims of life—all the more so, perhaps, because of that air of unattainableness which pervades them—she felt as if they were more alone, further from all the sordid considerations of wordly wisdom, than in the valley below. She could speak to him here from her heart of hearts.

He was walking by her side along one of the narrow paths, just where a rustic fence separated the grounds of the hotel from the steep mountain-side—walking somewhat listlessly, lost in a dreamy silence—when she put her arm gently through his, and drew a little nearer to him.

"Gerald dearest, I want to talk to you—seriously."

He turned suddenly, and looked at her with more of alarm in his countenance than she had anticipated.

"Don't be frightened," she said, with a sweet smile. "I am not going to be severe. I am only anxious."

"Anxious about what?"

"About you, dear love; about your health, men-

tal and physical. You remember what you told me before you went to Canada?"

"Yes."

"Your trip did you good, did it not?"

"Worlds of good. I came home a whole man."

"But since you came home the old feeling of languor has returned, has it not? You take so little interest in life, you look at everything with such a weary, indifferent air."

"My dearest, do you expect me to go into raptures with the beaten tracks and cockney lions of Switzerland, as poor little Daphne does? There is not a yard of the ground we have been passing over that I do not know by heart—that I have not seen under every condition of atmosphere, and in every variety of circumstances. You forget how many months of my life I wasted in balancing myself upon razor-edged arrêtes, and hewing my way up perpendicular peaks with an ice-axe. I can not gush about these dear old familiar mountains, or fall into an ecstasy because the lakes are bluer and broader than our Avon."

"I don't expect you to be ecstatic, dear; I only want to know that you are happy, and that you take a healthy interest in life. I have been thinking lately that a man in your position ought to have a public career: without public duties, the life of a very rich man must inevitably be idle, since all his private duties are done by other people. And an idle life never yet was a happy one."

"Spoken like a copy-book, my dearest," answered Gerald, lightly. "Well, I own I have led an idle life hitherto, but some of it has been rather laborious idleness; as when I accomplished the passage of the Roththal Sattel and ascended the Jungfrau between sunrise and sundown; or when I came as near death as a man can come, and yet escape it, in climbing the Pointe des Écrins, in the French Alps."

"I want you by-and-by to think of another kind of labor, Gerald," said Lina, with tender seriousness; "I want you to think of doing good to your fellow-men—you, who are so gifted, and who have the means of carrying out every benevolent intention. I want you to be useful in your generation, and to win for yourself one of those great enduring names which are only won by usefulness."

"Come, now, my sweetest monitor, there you shoot beyond the mark. Surely Virgil and Horace, Dante and Shakspeare, have won names of wider glory than all the useful men who ever lived. That idea of usefulness has never had much charm for me. I have not a practical mind. I take after my mother, who was one of the lilies of the field, rather than after my father, who belonged to the toilers and spinners. If I had discovered in my nature any vein of the gold of poetry, I would have been willing to dig hard for that immortal ore; but as I can't be a poet, I don't care to be anything else."

"And with your talents and your wealth, you can be content to be nothing!" exclaimed Lina, deeply shocked.

"Nothing, except a tolerably indulgent landlord, a patron of the fine arts on a small scale, and by-and-by, if you please, your—obedient—husband."

The last words came somewhat slowly.

"If you are happy, I am content," said Lina, with a sigh; "but it is because I fancy you are not happy that I urge you to lead a more active life, to give yourself greater variety of thought and occupation."

"And do you think that if I were unhappy, the wear and fret of public life, the dealing with workers whose chief object seems to be to frustrate and stultify each other's efforts; to be continually balked and disappointed; to have my generous impulses ridiculed, my purest hopes cried down as the dreams of a madman; perhaps, at the close of my career, after I had given my days and nights, my brain and body, to the public cause, to be denounced as an incendiary and a lunatic—do you think a career of that kind would insure happiness? No, love, Providence in its divine wisdom has allowed me to belong to the lotus-eating class. Let me nibble my lotus, and lie at ease in my sunshiny valley, and be content to let others enjoy the rapture of the fray."

"If I could be sure that you were happy," faltered Lina, feeling very unhappy herself.

"Ought I not to be happy, when you are so good to me?" he asked, taking her hand and pressing it tenderly, with very real affection, but an affection tempered by remorse. "I am as happy as a man can be who has inherited a natural bent to melancholy. My mother was not a cheerful person, as you know."

Lina and Gerald strolled up and down for a little while almost in silence. She had said her say, and nothing had come of it. Her disappointment was bitter; for she had fancied that it needed but a few words from her to kindle the smouldering fires of ambition. She had supposed that every man was ambitious, however he might allow his aspirations to be choked by the thorns of this world, and here she had found in the lover of her choice a man without the faintest desire to achieve greatness or to do good in his generation. Had he been such a man as Edgar Turchill, she would have felt no surprise at his indifference to the wider questions of life. Edgar was a man born to do his duty in a narrow groove; a large-hearted, simple-minded creature, but little removed from the peasant who tills the fields, and whose desires and hopes are shut in by the narrow circle of village life. But Gerald Goring—Gerald, whose ardent boyhood, whose passion for all the loftier delights of life, had lifted him so high above the common ruck of mankind—to find him at nine-and-twenty a languid pessimist, willing to live a life as selfish and as useless as his mother had led before him—this was indeed hard; and it was harder still for Madoline to discover how much she had overrated her own influence upon him. A few years ago a word from her had been sufficient to urge him to any effort, to give bent and purpose to his mind; but a few years ago he had been still warm with the flush and fire of early youth.

Daphne and Edgar joined them presently, both warm and breathless after a small experiment in the climbing way.

They lunched in a sunny, airy corner of the big bare salle à manger, merrily enough, or with that seeming gayety of heart which brightens so many a board, notwithstanding that the stream flows darkly enough below the ripples and the gleam. Daphne had made it the business of her life to seem happy and at ease ever since that fatal night at Freibourg. She wanted Gerald Goring to believe that she was satisfied with her lot—nay, even that she was honestly attached to her plighted husband, and that her conduct that night had been but a truant impulse, a momentary aberration from good sense and duty. She was fighting her battle bravely, sometimes smiling with an aching heart, sometimes really succeeding in being happy with the inconsiderate, unreasoning happiness of youth and health, and the rapture of living in a world where all was alike new and beautiful.

After luncheon she went out with Edgar for another ramble, until it should be time to begin the descent to Lauterbrunnen. They had all agreed to walk down, in a leisurely way, after tea, and the horses had already gone back with the two men who had led them up. Daphne wanted to learn where and how she could get nearest to the mountains. It seemed provoking to see them there, so near, and yet as far beyond her reach as if she had been looking at them from her window at Interlaken.

"Would it really be too much for an afternoon walk?" she asked, gazing longingly at the Silberhorn.

Gerald explained the preparations and the assistance and the length of time which would be required for any attempt upon that snowy crest.

"Please show me the very ledge where the child's red frock used to be seen," she asked, perusing the wilderness of crag and peak.

"What child? what frock?" asked Edgar.

"Don't you know that ever so many years ago, dans le temps, a lämmergeire carried off a child from this village of Mürren, and alighted with it upon an inaccessible shelf of rock on the side of the Jungfrau, and that for years afterward some red scraps, the remnants of the poor baby's clothes, were seen amongst the snow?"

"A pitiful story, wherever you found it," said Gerald; "but I think the baby's frock would have been blown away or buried under the snow before the vulture had forgotten the flavor of the baby."

And then, seeing that Daphne hungered for any information about yonder mountain, he condescended to tell her how he and a couple of friends, allied by the climbing propensity rather than by any ancient friendship, had ascended the north face of the Silberhorn, with the idea of finding a direct route over its summit to the top of the Jungfrau; how after ten hours of very hard work they had planted their feet on the top of the Silberhorn, only to find the snow falling thickly round them, and the Jungfrau and the Giessen glacier already hidden behind a fleecy cloud; how, after waiting in vain for the storm to pass, they had made a perilous descent to the upper plateau of the Giessen glacier; and how there, amidst thick clouds and driving snow, they groped their way round the edges of huge crevasses before they hit upon a practical path descending the ice-fall; and how, finding the night closing in upon them, they were fain to sit upon a ledge of rock under a sheltering cliff till daybreak.

"Poor things!" exclaimed Daphne, with infinite compassion; "and you never reached the top of the Jungfrau after all?"

"Not by that way. I have scaled her granite point from the Roththal Sattel."

"And is it very lovely up there?"

"C'est selon. When I mounted, the maiden was wrapped in cloud, and there was no distant view, nor could we spare more than a quarter of an hour for rest on the summit; but we saw an avalanche or two on our way, and altogether we had a very good time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE AMERICAN VETERINARY COLLEGE.

THE idea of hospitals for sick animals, where they may be skillfully treated by trained physicians, did not originate in this country. Modern veterinary medicine and surgery dates from the founding of the French school at Lyons, over a century ago. Through its graduates similar institutions sprang up all over Europe, and an incalculable amount of good has been accomplished. The establishment of veterinary colleges in the United States is of very recent date. In 1853, and again in 1866, charters were granted by the State of Pennsylvania, but nothing came of either of them. In 1855, an attempt was made to start one in Boston, but that failed also. It remained for New York city to demonstrate the practicability of such an institution, and this has been done beyond all question.

The American Veterinary College, in West Fifty-fourth Street, was chartered under the general law about six years ago, and is recognized by the Board of Regents of the University. It was established for the education of young men desirous of entering this special field of practice. Its Board of Trustees includes gentlemen well known to the community, and the Board of Faculty is composed of veterinarians and physicians, who teach the different branches of the curriculum, embracing anatomy, surgery, theory and practice of medicine, physiology, chemistry, materia medica, therapeutics, etc. The success of their efforts to establish the best veterinary school in the country is shown by the constantly increasing classes of students, and the large number of graduates scattered all over the Union.

The Hospital Department of the College is illustrated in our double-page engraving. The central picture shows the bringing of horses and other animals to the clinics for examination and treatment. These clinics are held twice a week, and are free to all who come. The compensation to the College is in the advantages thus given to the students to learn from actual observation the nature of disease and its practical treatment. To the poor man whose horse is his only means of gaining a livelihood the opportunity of getting the best advice gratuitously is a great boon. Hundreds of animals are thus treated every year. The means used for securing a horse, for placing him in a sling, for throwing him preparatory to an operation, are all clearly illustrated. The instruments used in treatment are also shown. The stables and kennels are models of comfort and cleanliness. The lecture-room contains the best collection of specimens of anatomy and physiology to be found anywhere.

This admirable institution owes its success largely to the skillful direction and management of its chief surgeon, Professor A. LIAUTARD, M.D., V.S., who has devoted himself to this special work with great zeal and discretion. It may be said that the College is very liberal in the bestowment of free scholarships, one being allowed to each State Agricultural Society, and one to the United States Agricultural Department. A number of States have responded, and thus secured the services of at least one educated veterinarian.

The Commencement exercises, held at Chickering Hall on the evening of February 24, were very interesting. Twenty young men graduated, and five received valuable prizes. Mr. JEROME BUCK delivered an address, in which he praised the work of the College, and appealed to the graduates to pursue their profession with energy and devotion.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

AT the time of the recent big hotel fire in Buffalo, a business man, in whose apartments in the burning building were many articles that he prized, rushed to his rooms, seized an empty bird-cage and a clock key, and barely escaped with his life through the smoky halls.

Carlyle had a very peculiar handwriting. An expert has said of it: "Eccentric and spiteful-looking little flourishes dart about his manuscript in various odd ways; some are intended to represent the 'i' dot, though far removed from the parent stem, while others, commenced as a cross to the 't,' suddenly recoil in an absurd fashion, as if attempting a calligraphical somersault, and in so doing occasionally cancel the entire word whence they sprang. Some letters slope one way, and some another, some are halt, maimed, or crippled, while many are unequal in height, form, style, and everything else. The autograph is rather larger than the rest of the manuscript, the manner of which does not impress the eye pleasantly, the crabbed look not being very significant of amiability."

Carlyle was a terror to compositors. He used to revise and retouch his proofs so much that the labor of correcting and overrunning was greater than the first work of setting up. One day his London publisher's foreman said to him: "Why, sir, you really are very hard on us with your corrections. They take so much time, you see."

Carlyle urged in reply that a printer ought to be accustomed to such annoyances, and that in Scotland there was no fuss made over them.

"Ah, well, sir," responded the foreman, "we have a man here from Edinburgh. He took up a bit of your copy the other day, and dropped it as if it had burned his fingers. 'Mercy on us!' he cried, 'have you that man to print for? Lord knows when we shall get done, with all his corrections!'"

The author used to laugh heartily at this story when he told it of himself.

An ambitious young auctioneer could get valuable practice by rapidly pronouncing the name and that of the place of publication of the Walla Walla *Watchman*, Walla Walla, Walla Walla County, Washington Territory.

In some districts on the east side of the metropolis the words heard on the streets, the signs over the doors, the features of the men, women, and children—everything, in fact, is German, except the architecture. But on Washington's Birthday the flag of the Union was as frequently displayed there as in any section of the city, pleasantly reminding the native-born American who chanced to stroll there that the dwellers in those spots of foreign characteristics were proud of their allegiance to the republic.

It seems that the dead-headism from which Paris theatres suffer is of a different nature from that which causes loss to managers in this city. Here, the well-dressed man steps briskly up to the gate-keeper and asks whether the manager is inside, mentioning that official by his given name or familiar title, and at the same time making his way toward the inner doors. In Paris, the dead-heads are more painstaking and less particular about appearances, and are introduced through the connivance of persons employed about the theatres. The gas man has his little theatre party in the chamber above the sunlight, the dressers smuggle their friends in, a member of the orchestra permits a friend to carry his big bass drum into the building, and the concierge introduces a party of his kin without facial resemblances. A dead-head who managed to pass himself in as one of the assistant machinists fell through a trap, and was killed on the spot. There is this in favor of the nuisance as it is in Paris: the dead-heads don't occupy valuable seats.

The 16th of February was a dark day in Painesville, Ohio. The darkness is said to have been equal to that of a total eclipse of the sun, and gas was lighted in the stores and other places of business. The superstitious recalled Mother Shipton's prophecy, and began to prepare for the worst.

The proposal is made in Boston that at fires the orders be given to the department by means of bugle calls, the bugler's place of duty being near the Chief Engineer. This would bar out the use of the greased pole, such as is employed in Chicago, for hastening the descent of firemen from the second-story sleeping-rooms in the engine-houses. No firemen who knew that he was to be governed in his battle with the flames by the martial sound of the bugle would consent to slide down a greased pole on his way to duty.

The hills and valleys in Boston are small and steep, and not far between. So the projectors of an elevated railway in that city are compelled, in their plans, to let the road run under the ground here and there.

A slab from Nineveh, said to be of great antiquarian value, having on it the figure of a king in full dress, besides twenty-one lines of cuneiform characters, has found, after being exhibited in this city and elsewhere, a resting-place in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where the school-girls can read its inscriptions and ponder on the lessons they teach.

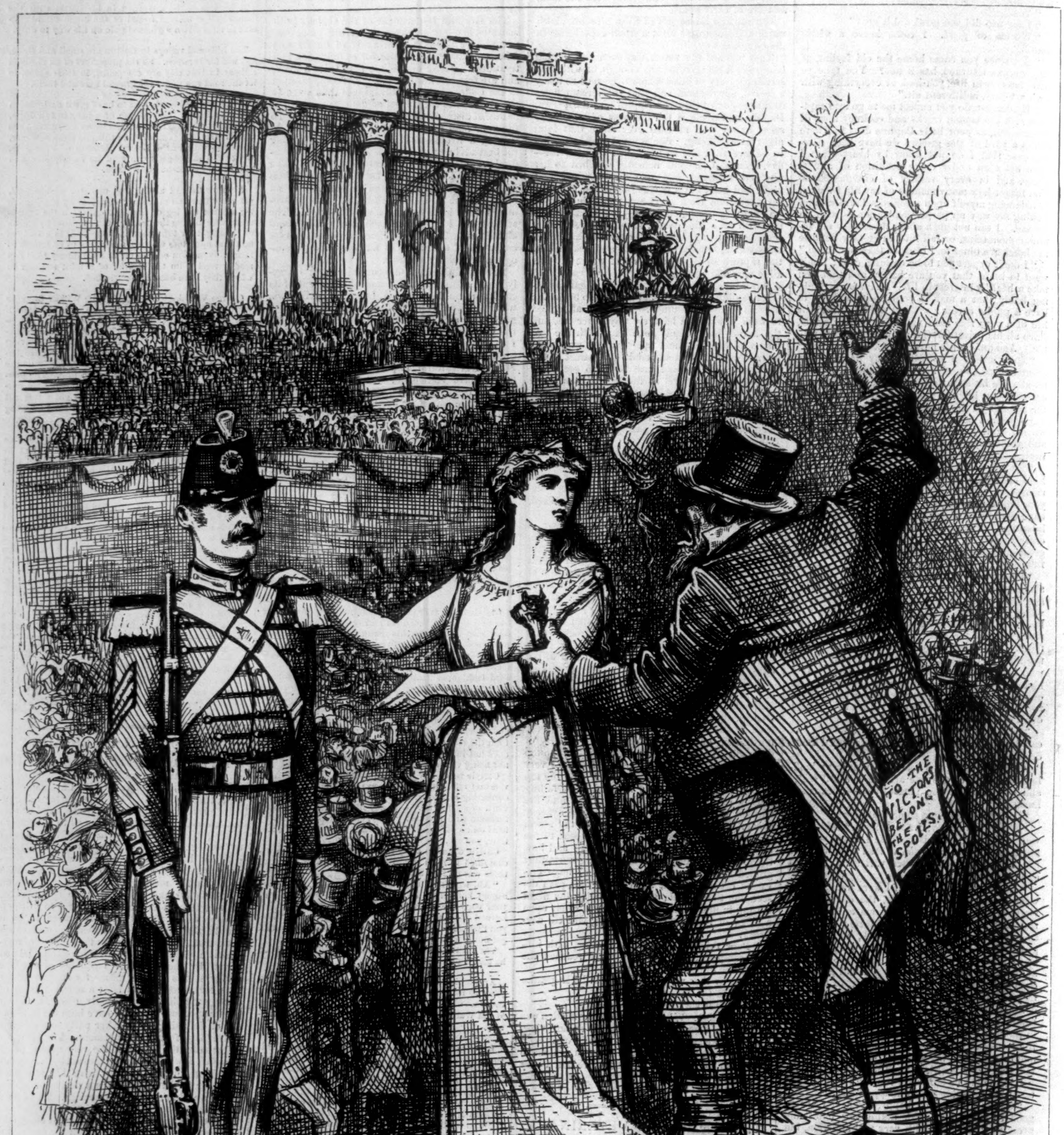
A writer tells of a telegraph operator who is deaf, yet reads from an ordinary "sounder" by placing his leg against the leg of the desk on which the instrument rests, noting the ticking of the sounder by means of the slight jar thus communicated. It is a curious fact that operators who are so deaf as to be unable to hear conversation carried on in an ordinary tone can readily read from the ticking of a faint sounder to which they have become accustomed.

George Washington Scott and the Widow Stamper went over from Kentucky to be married in Cincinnati. The bride is forty years old, and the groom twenty-nine. A grown-up son of the bride was averse to having so young a step-father, and he followed, arriving after the ceremony had been performed by Squire Anthony. He caused the arrest of the step-father on the charge of having threatened to whip him. The prisoner had his step-son locked up for threatening personal violence. Then the young man got a warrant for the arrest of his mother, accusing her of having stolen the horse that brought the couple to the city.

The New England device known as the "double ripper" is to the ordinary coasting sled what the full-rigged ship is to a cat-boat; and it is claimed that Bridgeport, Connecticut, has the finest double ripper ever built. It is thirty feet long, and carries thirty-two men weighing in the aggregate 4800 pounds. Ladies, statesmen, bankers, doctors, sculptors, artists, and poets have helped to make up its passenger lists. It is thus described: "The sled is made of ash, twelve inches wide and one and one-half inches thick, has rests for the feet running the whole length, and wings over the front sled to protect the dress from the fifth wheel. Round handles also run along the sides to hold on by. A truss similar to those under drawing-room cars strengthens the sled sufficiently to carry any weight that may be needed. It has a brake so powerful that by pulling a small ring attached to the levers the entire load is lifted, and slides as if it were seated on a harrow, the steel points of which cut the ice, and stop the sled in almost its length. The steerer sits in front, and steers by hand, the ropes running through pulleys so arranged that with his little finger he can guide the load, and instead of 'steering to a hair,' he can steer to a razor's edge, which will split a hair, and then, if necessary, can stop on a wasp's sting, which is the finest point he knows of."

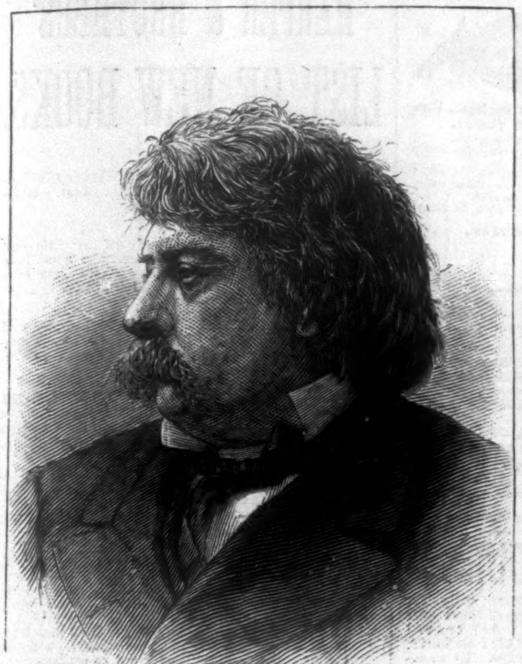
MUSSULMAN MARRIAGES.

THE law of marriage among Mohammedans is very curious and interesting. The prohibited degrees are not very unlike those of Christian countries, except that they comprise foster relationship. But women, not men, are fettered or protected by various peculiar rules as to equality in family, religion, freedom, character, fortune, and calling. A husband of a free woman must not condemn her to inferior companionship by marrying afterward a slave. The first Mussulman of his family must not aspire to wed a woman whose father and grandfather are Mussulmans. So, too, there is an inequality enough to justify a divorce where the husband is proved to be a drunkard or a profligate. Barbers and scavengers should not look for brides to the families of merchants and perfumers. A marriage may be dissolved by the Cadi for inequality where the bridegroom is without means for supporting the wife for a year, or at least a month. Some of these prohibitions are clearly obsolete. Their general purpose may well have been the laudable one of defending the weaker party to a contract of marriage from disparagement. The same appears to be the object of the very minute provisions laid down for showing consent by the woman. A father, though he may give his unweaned daughter in marriage, can not decide peremptorily on an adult daughter's marriage. There must be consent, though when a father, brother, or uncle is making the contract, a modest smile may be construed to signify it. When the contract is the act of a stranger or a distant relative, positive words of consent are required. The most stringent prohibitions relate, however, to religion. Marriage is illegal between Mussulmans and disbelievers in a revelation. A Mussulman may marry a Jew or Christian who believes in the Old Testament, and even a Sabæan, or worshipper of the stars, if she believes in the Jewish Scriptures also. But marriage between a Mohammedan and a Parsee, for example, would apparently be unlawful. Idolators may marry between themselves if they are born unbelievers. An apostate, it is held, can not contract marriage even with an infidel. The same solicitude which guards women against unions which may prejudice them in body, estate, or soul watches anxiously over their right to dower. The law descends into very minute details on the nature of the things of which dower may consist. Pork, which is discourteously stigmatized as carrion, and wine, as might be presumed, can not constitute dower for a believer, though either might, if stipulated for, make dower for an unbeliever. By no antecedent act of her own can a woman divest herself of her right to dower in the event of her marriage. The practical advantage of the principle is certainly neutralized by the fact that after marriage she may remit the whole. On the other hand, her power even to do herself an injury is evidence that women are not the mere thralls they are often supposed to be by strangers to Mussulman laws and customs.

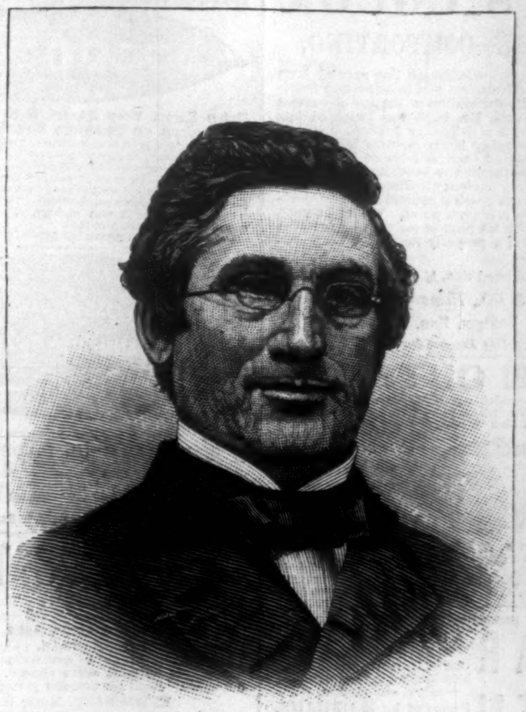


THE CITIZEN SOLDIER AT THE INAUGURATION OF GENERAL GARFIELD.

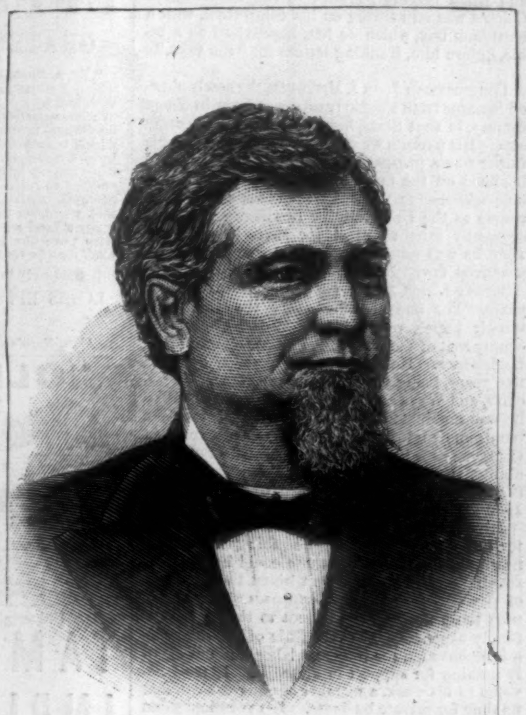
COLUMBIA. "Don't be alarmed, noble 'Statesman,' he only comes for a Holiday, and not as A VICTOR FOR SPOILS."



THE LATE HON. MATTHEW H. CARPENTER, WISCONSIN.
Photographed by Bell.



THE HON. CHARLES H. VAN WYCK, NEBRASKA.



THE HON. JOHN I. MITCHELL, PENNSYLVANIA.
Photographed by Bell.

THE DEAD SENATOR.

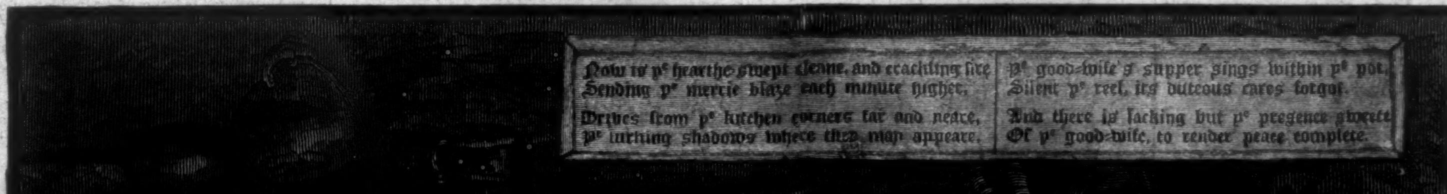
The Hon. Matthew H. Carpenter, United States Senator from Wisconsin, whose death took place at Washington, D. C., on the morning of February 24, was cut down in the very prime of life, being only fifty-six years of age, and until a few months ago giving every promise of a long life. He was born at Moretown, in Vermont, and when a boy of twelve became the adopted son of Paul Dillingham. In 1843 he entered the West Point Military Academy, where he remained for two years. He then studied law with Rufus Choate, and was admitted to the Boston bar. In 1848 he removed to Wisconsin, and entered upon the practice of his profession. He was for several years a District Attorney for his State, but he held no other political place till called to the United States Senate, as the successor of James R. Doolittle, in 1869. After the expiration of his term, he resumed the practice of the law at Washington, and continued it till 1879, when he was again returned to the Senate from Wisconsin, to fill the seat vacated by Timothy O. Howe.

Two years ago he was seized with illness in the form of diabetes, from which he partially recovered, but Bright's disease followed, and although he became convalescent several weeks ago, he suffered a relapse, which proved fatal. His appearance, when he drove out a few days before his death, was strikingly changed. His hair had perceptibly whitened, the lines in his face had grown deeper, and his complexion was pallid and colorless. His stoop was more marked, his voice trembling, and his whole frame shattered, and the look on his face betokened great suffering and inexpressible weariness. He seemed to be conscious of the change that had come over him, and was especially sensitive to remarks about his health.

TWO NEW SENATORS.

General Charles H. Van Wyck, who succeeds Mr. Paddock as United States Senator from Nebraska, is a native of this State, having been born in Poughkeepsie in 1824. He was graduated from Rutgers College, and became a lawyer. As a young man he took an active part in New York politics, beginning as District Attorney of Sullivan County, in 1850. He served in the army during the war with distinction, and filled four terms in the Lower House of Congress as the Representative of the Poughkeepsie district. His last term ended in 1871, after which he removed to Nebraska, and engaged in farming. He served in the Senate of that State in 1878, and now goes to the United States Senate, of which he will no doubt prove a valuable member.

General Van Wyck was a great favorite in the army. It is related of him that in the spring of 1862, when McClellan's army lay in front of Yorktown, he was in command of a regiment, and was at the same time a member of Congress. He showed the keenest solicitude for the welfare of his many friends in his own regiment and other military organizations from his neighborhood. One dark rainy night, just before "taps" had sounded, he happened to step into a battery park, and a private soldier, who recognized him, requested him to frank a letter. The franking privilege was then not limited as it now is. "Certainly," replied the soldier member of Congress; "I'll sit up all night to frank letters for soldiers." The declaration was scarcely uttered before it passed from soldier to soldier, and then from camp to camp. Soldiers from every direction brought their envelopes to Colonel Van Wyck to frank. The Colonel unceremoniously seated himself in a sutler's tent, and went to work. That sutler's supply of envelopes rapidly disappeared,



THE OLD CHIMNEY-CORNER.—Drawn by Miss C. A. Northam.

and when reveille sounded in the morning, the Colonel was still sitting on his camp-stool, with a hard-tack box, which he had improvised as a table, before him, franking letters for "the boys."

Congressman JOHN I. MITCHELL, the newly elected Senator from Pennsylvania, was born in Tioga County, in that State, less than forty-three years ago. His parents were from Connecticut, and his father was a prosperous farmer. JOHN spent his boyhood on the farm, and received only a common-school education. He then took a two years' course at the University of Lewisburg, and subsequently taught school for several years. In 1864 he was admitted to the bar, and has since practiced law. In 1868 he was elected District Attorney of his native county, serving for three years. For one year he edited the *Agitator*, a weekly paper, published at Wellsborough, the county seat of Tioga. In 1871 he was elected to the Legislature. He was twice re-elected, and served five years, being Chairman of the General, Judiciary, and Ways and Means committees. In 1876 he was nominated for Congress, and elected by a handsome majority. He at once took rank in Congress as a hard worker and a man of unusual ability, though not distinguished for prominence in debate. He was re-elected in 1878, and in 1880 declined a renomination.

His reasons for declining were stated in a letter, in the course of which he said: "The salary now paid is sufficient, if there could be any reasonable certainty of tenure without the necessity of paying heavy election expenses. But these, with those necessarily incident to the office, and family expenses, leave very little of the salary as a compensation for time and labor, and practically nothing for support in after-life. If truly devoted to his work, a member of Congress can find no time for private business. His vacations must be wholly given to study. He is never without work for a rainy day or a dark night. The vast field of political science lies ever open before him, and to succeed well he must never tire of exploring it. Such, at least, is my view, and I have acted upon it, beginning at Harrisburg nine years ago. It is not a paying business, except in the knowledge acquired. It is, however, the most inspiring of all professions, if it were free from electioneering scrambles and factious squabbles within one's own party. It is not agreeable to decide between friends, knowing that one, with all his followers, will berate you, or to be blamed for doing what somebody else does, and for not doing what you can not do. I think an alternate member of Congress, whose duty it should be to attend to all such work, and to take all blame for it, would be a most desirable improvement in organic politics. He could see to garden seeds, pensions, and public documents at the same time. He would soon have enemies enough, if you add applications for appointments, to keep him in office for life out of pure spite."

Senator MITCHELL is a man of accurate scholarship, extensive reading, and fine legal talent. He is six feet in height, and of magnificent physique, a pure Saxon type, and will be one of the handsomest men in the Senate. He is a fair speaker, although he can not be called an orator.

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